JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

How true

it is that you feel you've had something worth drinking

when you've had a Guinness!

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.822.D

RECORD 'XL' BARGAIN SALE

Special to "John Bull" readers. Most Magnificent Value ever offered. Read the Guaranteed Contents:—2 Heavy Yorkshire White Fleece Blankets, full size 80 x 90. 1 Heavy Coloured Fleece Blanket 66 x 72. 2 Extra White Fleece Blankets, soft, warm, durable, 56 x 74. 1 Splendid All-wool or Honeycomb Quilt, 90 x 70 (White or Coloured). 1 White Damask Tablecloth, 52 x 52, coloured borders, Gold, Blue & Pink. 1 Beautiful Bedspread, Rose Crimson, Olive, etc., on Jacquard, Embroidered Art. Silk 60 x 80. 1 Heavy Coloured Table Cover, 36 x 36 in. 1 Silk Mixed Tapestry Cushion Cover, 12½ in. square. 1 Ladies' Full Size Overall, 2 Pairs Fine Cotton Sheets, Pink, Blue, Gold, 90 x 10. 20/- Complete Bale. Carr. Paid, Cash or C.O.D.

Illus. Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding etc. post free.

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ALL ROUND VALUE AND A SQUARE DEAL GUARANTEE FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 25.

NEW! EXCITING!! INTERESTING!!! MAGNIFICENT NEW FURNISHING BOOK —FREE!

Full of excellent examples of the newest in Furniture design, this latest de luxe edition of Balcome' Furnishing Book is yours—FREE—if you fill in and post the coupon on p. 10.

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Increase your Sales by this *Proved* Method.

Local trade is limited, so why not sell your goods direct to the public by post—the modern method of trading? Whether your business is large or small, an advertisement in "John Bull's" 'Shop Window' will enable you to reach out for trade on a national scale—reach millions of prospective buyers everywhere. Why not make "John Bull" your salesman?

For particulars and rates, write on business letterheading to:—

The Manager, Ideas & Sales Development Dept., "John Bull," Room 29, 57/59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SUTCLIFFES STORE SHED FROM 3/8 MONTHLY.

Send for NEW STYLE CATALOGUE

Design S.S. Small Sheds, Hi-Lo Sheds, Garden Lumber Houses, Cycle, Poultry, etc. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections. Easily the best value. Best carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied Free. Glass extra. P. & H. Sutcliffe Ltd., 22, Wood Top, Hebden Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms: 47-48, Oxford St., W.1.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash.	Monthly.
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£2 0 0	3/8
7ft.	6ft.	6ft.	£3 0 0	4/6
10ft.	7ft.	6ft.	£4 0 0	6/-
12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	£5 0 0	7/6

CATALOGUE FREE. Garages, £7/6/; Greenhouses, £7/5/; Arbours, £2/5/; Kennels, £7/-; Asbestos Garages, £8/5/; Workshops, £6/; Poultry Cabins £3/-; Wooden, 5/-. Pd. rail. Carriage Paid.

SALE PRICE

ANOTHER COLOSSAL PURCHASE of closing factory's entire stock enables us to offer this genuine lever lady's real gold-plated expanding bracelet watch—made for Australian market to be sold at a much higher price—direct from us at a price we expect visitors know to be a world-wide achievement, ranking us as the British House for Amazing Bargains. 4/11, post 6d. Warranted 10 years. Gent's square model same price. Send NOW. Immediate Dispatch.

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5/- DOWN brings a Riley "Baron" Billiard Table that will give years of enjoyment for the whole family. Balance monthly.

7 Days' Free Trial. Write for Art List, which also shows Riley "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables.

22 Free Billiard Tables. Ask for details.

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Brighten up Your HOUSEFRONT

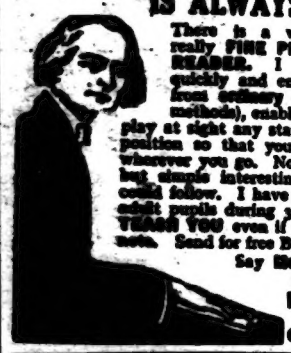
Give your front steps, window sills, door knobs, etc., a lovely cream-coloured finish with creamy Cardinal Polish. Will not wash off in the rain.

Also in White, Green, Red, Buff and Transparent. Of all Dealers.

CARDINAL POLISH Large tins... 6d. & 1/-

CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON, W.4.

A GOOD PIANIST IS ALWAYS WELCOME



There is a way to become a really FINE PIANIST and SIGHT READER. I will teach YOU quickly and enjoyably BY POST from ordinary music (no freakish methods), enabling you to read and play at sight any standard musical composition so that you shall give delight wherever you go. No practice drudgery, but simple interesting training a child could follow. I have taught over 40,000 adult pupils during 34 years and I CAN TEACH YOU even if you do not know a note. Send for free Book and advice.

Say Moderate, Elementary or Beginner.

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OFFER YOU AN AGENCY FOR THE FINEST CREDIT CLUB IN THE COUNTRY

NO DRAWING FOR TURNS
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1,000 Articles to select from at 2/6 5/- 7/6 10/-

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Post in unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp only.

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J.B. 57

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BABY CLOTHES 30/-

MOTHERS-TO-BE MUST OBTAIN THIS CHARMING 75 GARMENT LAYETTE.

All necessary clothes from birth to one year. WOOLLY SHORTIES or MODERN LAYETTE GOWN for Summer or Winter wear. Satisfaction guaranteed. LAWN or WOOL FROCKS, CHRISTENING ROBE or WOOL SET, WINCEY or LAWN NIGHTIES, Pull-ons, CHRISTENING SHAWL, WOOL VESTS, KNIT COATS, BOOTEES, OVERALLS, PILCHER, BACK FLANNELS, GAUZE or TURK NAPKINS, Etc. Last week's letter: "As an old customer I know your clothes were good, but to-day's value is even better. Shawl & vestlies make the layette a 3-fold bargain."

SEND 2/- FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL. Ref. Cash or Terms Ltd. I.S. Ironing Co., Dover Rd., Portsmouth.

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Thousands of genuine, entirely unsolicited testimonials from grateful men and women who have been quickly freed from the tobacco habit by the help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. What the Stanley Treatment has done for others it can do for you. A grateful man writes: "*Now I have not the slightest temptation for smoking. I consider your treatment the best investment I have ever made.*" If you wish to break the Tobacco Habit, write to-day for the Famous Treatise, "Tobacco Bondage and the Way Out," which has caused so much comment. Sent free and without obligation. It will cost you nothing and save you pounds, so write to-day.

THE STANLEY INSTITUTE Ltd. (Dept. B.R.70), 91, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4.

NO MORE ROUND SHOULDERS!

Stop that slovenly stooping—look fit and be fit. Every man and woman with a tendency to round shoulders should get this De Luxe Model Bracer, made of genuine surgical corsetiere material containing no rubber at the special reduced price of 1/11, post 4d. Adds two inches to your height, keeps the chest expanded and encourages deep healthy breathing. Quite inconspicuous and comfortable to wear. Highly recommended by physical training instructors and health culture experts. Send P.O. 2/6 now to—

DE-LUXE MODEL NOW REDUCED TO 1/11 POST 4d. THE COUPON

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FREE

1939 READICUT 1/- BOOK OF RUGS AND ACTUAL WOOL SAMPLES

Shows how we supply complete Rugmaking Outfits with WOOLS CUT READY FOR PUTTING INTO THE CANVAS and patent new Rug Hook. Book illustrates 100 New Rug Designs in full colours. Send 2d. stamps for postage, packing, etc.

READICUT WOOL CO. LTD., DEPT. 121, OSSETT, YORKS.

3½ GNS. THREE IN ONE Proofed COATS

FINAL CLEARANCE OFFER

These coats are balance of an overseas order—small quantity more than were actually required. Cut military pattern with full belt. Prussian storm collar. Fawn and Grey coloured stormproof material. Adjustable sleeve-band to keep out wind. Ideal for Flying, Motoring or Town Wear. Exceptionally smart. A cost to keep out the cold. All brand new and perfect. Chest measurement 34in., 2/6; 36 and 38in., 4/9; 40in., 5/6; 42 and 44 in., 6/9. Post and packing 1/- extra. Buttons can be adjusted 2in. if required. Proofing guaranteed 3 years.

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EVERY MOTHER OUGHT TO HAVE THIS FREE BOOK

It's FREE! Simply yours for the asking. It is a wise, complete and simple guide to happy motherhood, healthy babyhood.

Every mother ought to have a copy of the valuable and common-sense handbook "BABY," in all his ups and downs, which deals with all problems and welfare of a young baby.

Just send a postcard with your name and address clearly written on it, to Dept. J.B., NESTLE'S, 6/8, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3, and a free copy will be posted to you. Write Now, or if you prefer, fill in and post the coupon on page 25.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT OFFER

CAST THE COUPONS

THANK YOU, "JOHN BULL."

"I wish to thank you for the 'JOHN BULL' Pen, which I received in good condition. I am very pleased with it, and prefer to use it to one which I paid 15/- for. . . ."

—Mr. A. E. Smith, 16, The Crescent, Brandon, Derbyshire.

READ HINTS

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON. This Coupon, with P.O. for 2/6 plus 3d. postage and packing, entitles holder to receive a 'JOHN BULL' Pen, guaranteed 5 years. Send to—"John Bull" Pen Department, 134-135, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Send for this

FREE CATALOGUE of the Berkeley Superlax Easy Chair —*it adjusts itself!*

THE Berkeley Superlax brings both beauty and comfort to the home every day of the year. The New 1939 Model just announced can be secured for only 5/- down and a few monthly payments.

The makers of these reliable chairs, H. J. Searle & Son, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 70-78, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.1, have issued a free catalogue giving details of these chairs and all other models of Berkeley upholstery, which will be sent post free, together with range of coverings, to all readers who write, mentioning *John Bull*, to their address, or fill in the coupon on page 27, which contains further details of the special offer.

CARPET BARGAINS

9/11

Illus. Bargain Catalogue post free.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carr. 1/- etc., we will forward direct from our looms one of our 'Fenwall' Tapestry REAL BRAEMER WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Bedroom, Dining and Bedroom etc., hand-some [illegible] for decoration and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Brown, Blue, Rose and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being a speciality of our own one only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains, money refunded if not approved. Thousands repeat Orders. With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 carpets, 2 Rugs and 2 doormats for 20/-. Carriage Paid. Cash or C.O.D. F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.B.), Wembley Road, Leeds.

17/6

FOUR-WAY BED-CHAIR

6ft. long when extended, 23in. wide. Solid oak, 3 velvet cord cushions any colour; turned legs, spring seat. Call and inspect or send for new coloured Cat. J. Cash or 1/- weekly. Carr. & Pack., R. & W., 2/6.

1. Easy Chair
2. Lounge Chair
3. Full-length Bed
4. Fireside Seat

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., LTD.
82, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1.

De Luxe REMINGTON ELECTRIC SHAVER

The world's super-luxury electric shaver for 3/- down and 6/- monthly for 12 months. Enjoy the best, smoothest, fastest and closest shaving you've ever had. No nose, no lathering, no new blades. NO CUTS, no soreness. SAVES MONEY: Ordinary shaving costs 50/- a year for soap, blades, etc. Remington gives years of perfect shaving without costing a penny for these.

Any Voltage, A.C. or D.C.
Call and try it or send for leaflet.
PUNICA Ltd., 19, Remo House, 310, Regent St., London, W.1.
'Phone: Langham 1412.

RHEUMATIC and other PAINS IN THE KNEE QUICKLY RELIEVED

Wear these ADJUSTABLE KNEE SUPPORTS. Made from Specially 'DOUBLED' WOOL. Holds Knee-cap Snugly in Position and PROTECTS VITAL JOINT from INJURY or CHILL. Perfect Comfort and Freedom of Movement.

Unobtrusive in Appearance. LIGHT DURABLE, EFFICIENT. STATE SIZE ROUND KNEE.

2/6 Per Pair. Send P.O. Dept. J., R. HARRISON & SALTAIRE, YORKS.

NEW FEET FOR OLD! ELASTIC FOOT SUPPORTS with 'DOUBLED' Material Pads for Weak Ankles and Dropped Arches. 5/6 per Pair. State Size Shoe.

HERE is your BIG CHANCE to EARN MORE

Be Spare Time Agent for us and get—

LIBERAL COMMISSION. New, enlarged Autumn Fashion Catalogue now ready—FREE. POSTAGES PAID. Stationery supplied free. FAIREST OF EASY TERMS. No "Draw"—no taking terms. IMMEDIATE DELIVERY OF GOODS. You don't need 10 or 20 members. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Generous supply of samples allowed. NO RISK—NO OUTLAY. Bessants supply Footwear and Clothing for Men, Women and Children, Household Requirements, Fancy Goods, Cycles, etc. Famous for value, service, courtesy and guaranteed satisfaction. MEN IN REGULAR WORK or their wives write at once to Department 3,

BESSANTS of LEICESTER EST. 22 YRS

A GUINEA DYNAMO LIGHTING SET FREE

CYCLES FROM 65/- CASH OR TERMS

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POLICE BLUE UNIFORMS

GUARANTEED NEVER TO WEAR OUT!

They won't wear, hole or fray! Frankly, we do not guarantee everlasting wear, but we do claim that these heavyweight 'Police' BLUE UNIFORMS are world's finest value for working men needing a garment for real hard wear. Guaranteed Brand New. Smart gentlemanly cut, side pockets, strong linings, reinforced taped back seam to prevent splitting. Unbreakable buttons. Send S/S, nothing more to pay, stating waist and inside leg measurements. 32 to 46, 2/11; 48 to 54, 3/6; extra.

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PIANO ACCORDIONS

BY ALL THE MOST FAMOUS MAKERS

Hohner, Soprani, Victoria, Pancotti, Elkhart, Guerinelli, Paolo Soprani, etc., used and recommended by Reid Lauham all over the country. Also we offer a very wonderful Hohner, 24/4/6 BASSES, Fully 48/-. Real First Class Instruments at specially reduced prices. By INSTALMENT. Piano finished cabinet, tonal reeds, metal-bound bellows, triple chord action. Complete with shoulder straps, 21 piano keys, 8 basses. Cash price 42/-, or send on receipt of 2/- First Instalment. Balance payable 1/- weekly, until 42/- paid. Elaborate Tutor supplied. Also Superior De Luxe Model at 52/6, same terms. Write for fully illus. list of models with 25 keys, 12 bass; 26 keys, 24 bass; 34 keys, 48 bass; 41 keys, 120 bass, etc., on equally attractive terms. The Remarkable Low Terms for Hire. Payments cover immediate possession of these fine instruments. Write for fully illus. List of Piano Accordions and other Musical Instruments, post free.

from 1/- weekly

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 40) 94-104, DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E.5.

Positively the Greatest Bargain ever offered to the

DEAF

"Size of a Sixpence Earphone" (no battery) offered this week for 25/-. Previously sold at £7-7-0. The greatest little deaf-aid ever designed. No Batteries—No Wires—No Other Parts—No Renewals—Absolutely Invisible. Amazing Power. Never before has such a bargain been offered to the Deaf.

This Week 25/- only *Previously £7-7-0*

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Send now. D. & J. HILL, Ltd., Surgical Dept., 245, Oxford St., London, W.1 (over Oxford Circus Tube Stn.). Hours 10 to 6, Saturdays 10 to 2. *Supplied under National Health Benefit.*

LASTING WAVES ALL OVER THE HEAD WITH THIS NEW WAVER & SETTER

A 'must in a Fashion' opportunity to get "Perm and "curling" hills and obtain glorious, natural wavy hair. This famous Waver scientifically and enthusiastically sets the hair into any desired depth of lasting waves. 22 GARROT HAIR, even on absolutely straight hair, if you follow the simple instructions. No hot irons, electricity, danger or fuss—get a full wave at home in half an hour! Comfortable in use, washable, will last for years to save you pounds in hairdressing costs. Greatly reduced. A limited number offered at only 1/6, post 3d.

Post 3d. 1/6

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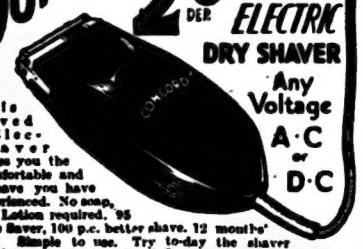
YOURS for 3D

Gent's Keyless Wrist Watch. Tested shock-proof lever movement. Accurate timekeeper. Improved action. Polished Chrome Platinum case. Wide leather strap. Send only 3d. deposit. Balance after approval 1/- fortnightly until 11/9 is paid, or fitted chrome mesh extension 12/6, same terms. Ladies' also same quality on Black Moire Band, 11/9 or expanded bracelet, 12/9. Either model Ladies' or Gent's for 3d. deposit. Illustrated List of Watch Bargains Free.

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 40), 94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

YOURS for 2/6 DEP. The "CONCORD" ELECTRIC DRY SHAVER



Try this Improved Modern Electric Shaver which gives you the most comfortable and perfect shave you have ever experienced. No soap, Brush, or Lotion required. 95 p.c. Time Saver, 100 p.c. better shave. 12 months' guarantee. Simple to use. Try to-day the shaver of the future. Send only 2/6 Deposit and 6d. postage; balance by 10 monthly payments of 5/- or cash 47/6 only. *Full instructions and necessary equipment with every shaver.*

Any Voltage A.C. or D.C.

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Fully Guaranteed. Cash or Terms. Easily erected. Delivered Free or Carr. Pd. Eng. & Wales.

FREE Book No. 52 from J. THORN & SONS, LTD., Box 52, Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.

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Long	Wide	High	Cash or Dwn.	& Mthly.
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	60/-	3/6
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	85/-	3/9
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STOP! ASTHMA BRONCHITIS CATARRH, ETC.

Is breathing difficult? Get relief right away with North's Canadian Pine Pills, a secret remedy which removes mucus and allows breathing to take place. Wonderfully effective. Don't delay another minute. Send now. Prices 1/3 and 3/- (plus 1½d. and 3d. post).

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You can't work or enjoy life properly if you suffer. Then try Herbal Remedies. Take North's Herbin Stomach Powder and enjoy your meals, it relieves from the start. Amazing results. Send now. Prices 1/3 and 3/- (plus 2d. and 3d. post).

Obtainable from:—

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BUILD A BUSINESS BY MAIL

Shopkeepers & Manufacturers.

LOCAL trade is limited, so why not advertise in "John Bull's" famous "Shop Window" and sell countrywide? Expert advice on suitability of goods and advertisements written by "John Bull's" mail order specialist—free, of course. Details without obligation. Write on business letterheading to:—The Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., "John Bull," Room 20, 67/68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

WANTED

ONE HUNDRED PERSONS (EITHER SEX) WHO ARE READY TO EARN A HANDFUL OF £1 NOTES BY SPARE TIME WORK BETWEEN NOW AND XMAS.

A handful of £1 notes by Christmas to spend on little luxuries for yourself, on some things you have been wanting, or on presents for others—**you can have a handful!**

Send a postcard to us asking for our Private Christmas Card Sample Book, and we will send you the book and full particulars, free of charge. You are not asked for any deposit nor to outlay any of your own money. Our Sample Book contains by far the finest selection of private Christmas Greeting Cards, abounding in Novelties, amazing variety, remarkable Calendars of Imitation Oil Paintings, Animal Studies, beautiful pictures in Bromide, Coloured Scenes and Flower Subjects, dainty Notepapers, Bookmarks, etc. A masterpiece of the choicest and best. Your friends and acquaintances will be delighted to buy these from you, there is something for everybody's taste and needs, one pleasing one person and another pleasing someone else. We pay you handsomely and there are valuable prizes in addition. Apply at once and be the first to start.

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SEAL or CEDARWOOD FROM 2/- DOWN

DELIVERY FREE	OTHER MODELS FROM L	W.	Cash	Dep.	12 Pts.
ENGLAND OR WALES	4	3	25/-	2/-	2/3
RAIL OR LORRY	6	4	40/-	4/-	3/6
Send for copy of 1938	8	6	70/-	6/-	6/2
Art Catalogue FREE	10	7	85/-	7/-	7/7
and Post Free.	12	8	110/-	8/-	9/10

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1/- A WEEK 47/6 CASH

BILLIARDS & SNOOKER OUTFIT sent for 2/6 Carriage Paid. Promise 25 fortnightly payments of 2/-. Includes Table, 50 by 26ins., with Billiard Cloth Bed; 29 Balls, 2 Cues, Triangle, Marker and Rules. BILLIARDS OUTFIT ONLY, sent for 2/-. Promise 17 fortnightly payments of 2/-. HAWAIIAN STEEL GUITAR OUTFIT, sent for 2/6. Carriage Paid. Promise 21 fortnightly payments of 2/-. Fine Instrument with Brass-Fretted Fingerboard. 6 Best STEEL Strings, Genuine Cog Keys. Length 3ft. in Black Leatherette Case with FREE Tutor, etc. *Gliders and Musical Goods also in stock. Billiards table to 12ft.* FREE NEW Illustrated Catalogue of All Kinds of Bargains on Terms from 6d. a WEEK.

39/6 CASH

LIST FREE

PAIN'S Presents House, Ltd., 29.TBH, HASTINGS.

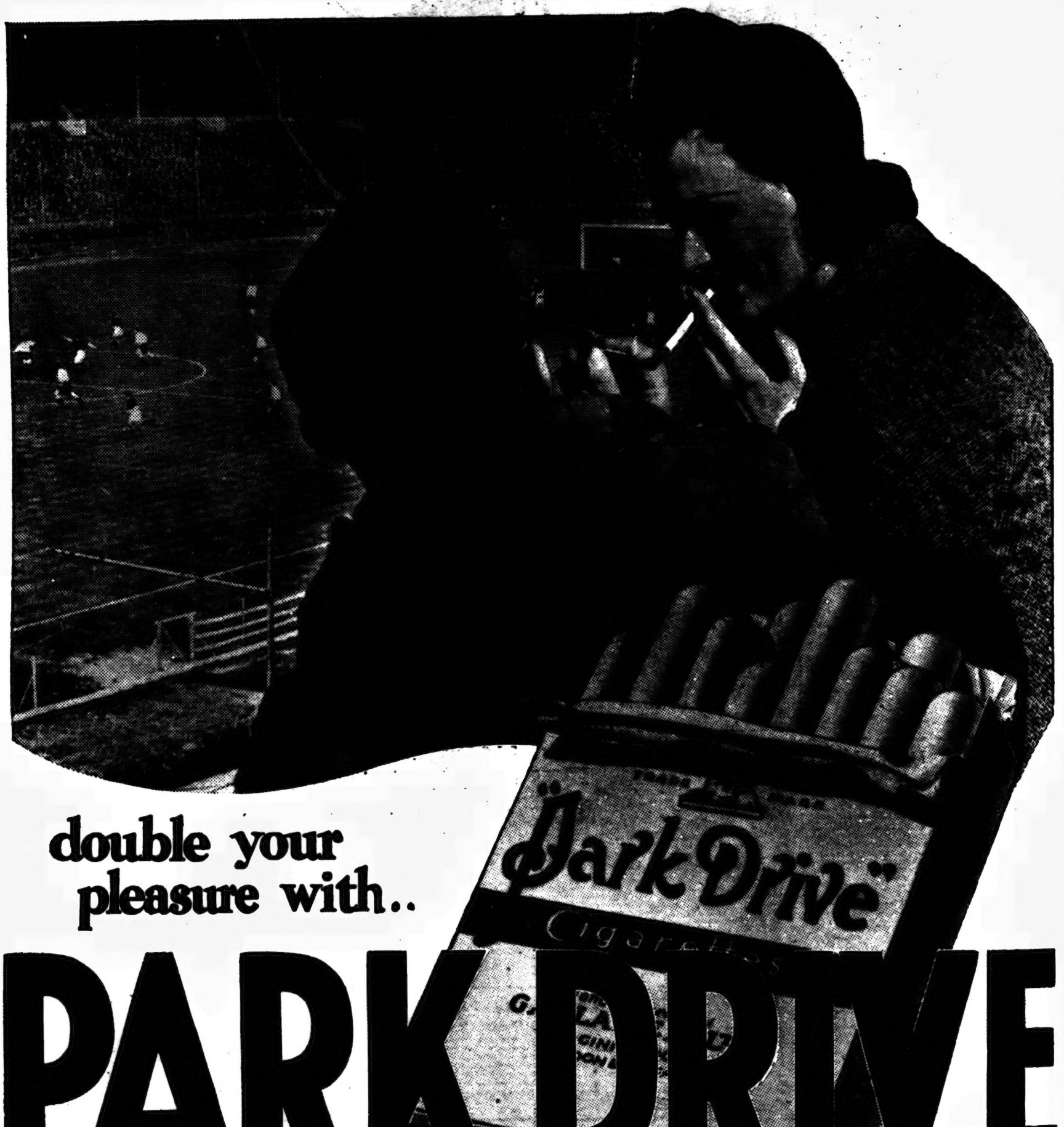
A PAIR OF BLANKETS FREE

As sold at 7/11 a pair

To introduce our new line of ART DOWN QUILTS, full Double Bed Size, 6ft. x 5ft., nicely embroidered, wide panels and pin tucked, in Blue, Rose, Green or Gold. We will give ABSOLUTELY FREE 1 PAIR OF HEAVY WOOLLY BLANKETS. Double Bed Size, Bordered and Whipped Edges. Warm and enduring, to readers of "John Bull" who send full cash with order within 14 days, for this beautiful ART DOWN QUILT. A truly amazing offer which you cannot afford to miss. Send P.O. 12/6d., post 1/-d. AT ONCE. 2/6d., deposit secures, balance weekly.

All British Manufacture.

MANCHESTER BLANKET CO. (Dept. J.B.1), 42, Plymouth Grove, Manchester, 13



double your pleasure with..

PARK DRIVE

15 for 6d.

10 FOR 4D PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD) 5 FOR 2D

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JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, October 8, 1938.

A BRITISH INSTITUTION

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

KEEP YOUR SLEEVES ROLLED UP!

PEACE is the subject of this issue. Peace saved at the eleventh hour.

You may say that all that happened last week. That it is old news.

If you do, you are hopelessly wrong. Peace is not a matter of a day or of a week. It goes on. It *must* go on.

That is why this issue is a special peace issue. Why we give you news and views of what is, after all, the greatest subject in the world.

The New Way

A new dawn of hope! Brows, knit by anxiety, relax. The grim mask of duty breaks into smiles. Eyes, fear banished, look brightly on the world again.

Age regains serenity. Youth's aspirations bloom anew. Children's puzzled faces clear. Humanity viewed destruction from the brink, and halted horror-struck. Shun that dark pit for evermore.

Look Ahead

But don't relax. We've saved peace now. Now we must concentrate on rearmament of ourselves.

Which means? Just this: the unity which bound the nation in its hour of dread mustn't be lost.

And it must be used to face the problems of peace. Shirking those problems was responsible for the torture of the last few weeks.

Tested

A.R.P., the new anti-aircraft units and many other branches have had their sternest test. But what of the tests of you, Mr. and Mrs. Man-in-the-Street?

Your loyalty, your courage, your stamina, your jesting in the face of dangers too horrible to dwell upon.

Great qualities. They needed such a test to bring them out, and they have triumphed.

Yet there were so many people who thought that loyalty, courage, stamina and humour had died; that Britain had become the degenerate of Europe!

Tasks of Peace

And now that we've rolled up our sleeves for war, let's keep them there for the tasks of peace.

Urgent problems have been held up while the most urgent of all was before us. But, now that that's settled, let's get down to the others.

Unemployment, for example.

Build Anew

War would have cured worklessness. That sounds cynical. But it's true. And it challenges our consciences.

If we can find jobs for all in war, we can—and must—find jobs for all in peace.

Besides unemployment, there's the distinct problem of the Distressed Areas.

Get back to normal. Go to see that football match

Away with that official complacency which is content merely to label them Special Areas and leave them to their fate!

Away with ruins of dead industries, grimy relics of a Britain of the Past. Build afresh for the Britain of the Future!

Down to the Sea . . .

Revive shipping. It can be revived—and without pouring millions of money into the pockets of those shipowners who made fantastic profits in the Great War and still employ cheap foreign labour.

No groans from us if this minority is forced out of business.

But the decent owners must be protected against unfair competition from the Dictator countries, competition that is stealing even our coastal trade.

Start Now!

As important as keeping our flag on the seas is keeping our yeomen on the land.

Grow food as well as store it! Give farmfolk a square deal as well as sympathy!

We have just been told that, in time of war, farmers would plough up their pastures under a Government scheme to raise the crops that would be our first line of defence.

Splendid! Admirable! But why wait for war?

Prosperity Plan

Doling out scores of millions of pounds each year to a few sides of the industry won't save agriculture.

What is needed is the comprehensive, nation-wide plan that John Bull has outlined.

A plan that would embrace and co-ordinate every side of agriculture. A plan that would study distribution as well as production. A plan that would make food both plentiful and cheap, would assure prosperity to both farmers and farm workers.

A plan that would thus make all Britain richer.

. . . Pound Foolish

Spend wisely, not save foolishly. Otherwise we shall not aid prosperity, but invite discontent.

At the Conservative Party Conference this week there'll be that attack on the social services against which we warned you months ago.

All the Answers

Cost of the crisis will be a new weapon in the hands of the economaniacs, another weapon with which these short-sighted Diehards hope to cut the nation's throat.

Will it profit us to cut down health services and open the door to disease and debility?

Shall we make our youth more fit for the ever-increasing demands of business and industry by denying them adequate education?

Champions of Folly

You know the answers. All sensible people know them.

But see that the counsels of the foolish do not sway our rulers.

You *can* defeat these counsellors of folly. Remember that it was your burning hatred of war that inspired our rulers to avert war last week.

Remember that your M.P. can be influenced by your voice on the domestic problems of the country.

He'll listen. Make no mistake of that. He dare not stop his ears.

Raise Your Voice

There are a score of urgent and essential tasks on which your voice should be raised.

We still have a million people living in the squalor, the heart-breaking discomfort, the demoralising indecency of the slums.

A million people denied the Briton's first pride—a proper home.

Save these Lives

Thousands more are being killed and maimed on the roads every year.

Many because of the human element. Yes, but thousands because our roads are more suitable to the postchaises of a century ago than the fast and heavy traffic of to-day.

Build new highways, abolish death-traps, give us adequate lighting, skid-proof surfaces and really *safe* crossings for those who must go on foot.

Do Your Bit

So we could go on. There is no need, for you know these tasks as well as us.

No need, either, to assure you that John Bull will continue to assail the sleepy officialdom that hopes to leave these tasks for generations yet to come.

But there is need for you to do your bit. For without your aid reforms will languish.

Talk it Over

Follow the course of politics not only at election times but always. Watch your local council, which can do so much to improve your welfare.

Talk things over in the family circle, enlist the support of your neighbours and friends

Then take up the pen and press your demands upon those who are elected to do your bidding.

Write to "J.B."

Take up your pen, too, when scandal or injustice becomes known to you. Write to John Bull about it!

We will not boast of the wrongs we have righted, for we have been able to do so much only because of our readers' co-operation.

It is because you, who are so many, have given us such loyal support, that John Bull's voice has become the most powerful in the land.

Good-bye, Gloom

And now for a spurt in trade.

Many of us, with war-shadows looming, put off purchases that we should otherwise have made. The day for doubts has passed.

Whatever the cries of the economaniacs, let us shame them by setting an example.

Back to Normal

Celebrate the return of security and hope. Give the wheels of industry and commerce a reassuring push!

Get back to normal. Start reading the sports pages. Go to see that game of football, or, better still, play in it.

We've got peace: full speed ahead for prosperity and happiness.

About the Crisis...

● Here's the peace of the English countryside. And we British people want nothing more. Miss A. Lancaster, of South Road, Weston-super-Mare, took this delightful picture of the old Saxon church at Bulbone, Somerset. It seats only twenty-four people, yet symbolises something which this race puts far above majesty and might.

Two old Jewish people live next door to me.

They lost their three sons in the last war.

When I was raging at Hitler they said: "No, my dear, God will guide him."

Such faith can't fail—in the end.—Mrs. R. S., Sheffield.

* * *

I have told everybody I know to read JOHN BULL'S article "Peace Rests on You."

It is the steadiest piece of writing I have seen for months. One friend said it should have a world circulation in all languages.

Couldn't you do it?—Robert H. Taylor, Hammersmith and Chiswick Branch, Peace Pledge Union.

* * *

Three little German girls—Ilsa, Hilda and Teresa—have stayed at my home this summer under an interchange scheme.

They, my own daughter, and two little French girls who were also our guests, learned to love each other.

If we could learn to let such little children lead us, there'd be no war. —Mrs. P., Argyle Road, London, W.13.

* * *

Much that has appeared in JOHN BULL should be published as a pamphlet.

You have never taught that war is glory. You have taught that war is mass belief, deluded youth, lice, men dying in seas of mud, heart-broken women, fatherless mites—all that it really is.

If we could do nothing until November 11, and if, on that day, the various leaders could examine all their problems again in the light of all that November 11 means to us, there would be no war.—Mrs. E. Armstrong, Clipstone Road, Forest Town, Mansfield.

* * *

Throughout this crisis I have remembered how, as theatre sister at a Manchester military hospital where we had 200 German wounded, these boys handed me a letter which I now have framed.

It spoke of their impending "department" from us, told of their love for us in garbled English that was hardly understandable.

To Schneider, Jacob, Vöhl, Buss, Knels, Krebe, Upiworm, Gabriel, Angermeier, Veibrath, Lokmai, Muklenbath, and others who signed that testimonial, I say: "Whatever comes, we British people will never blame you."—Mrs. D. F. Ellis (née Sister Stephens), Wallasey, Cheshire.

* * *

A friend who has lived in Czecho-Slovakia has just returned.

He speaks of the Czechs as highly cultured people, many of whom speak several languages.

He knows the Sudeten areas, and found them peaceful. Germans not only had their own schools, university and theatres, but had their own people in Parliament.

There was complete religious toleration and pictures of Hitler were sold in the shops side by side with those of Dr. Benes. And that's called intolerance!—F. Willey, Barnfield Road, Torquay.

* * *

So you heard the crowds shouting "Heil, heil, heil, heil" when Hitler made his warmongering speech? And you so judged from that the German people were frenzied for war?

Well, I was on Hammersmith Underground station half an hour after Chamberlain told Parliament the news that there was hope at last. And I passed the news on to a dozen German girl students waiting there.

The happiness of the stronger ones in the party, and the acute distress of those who could only show happiness in tears, was something I shall never forget.—Miss N. Janes, Middlesex.

Voice of the People

IN Cambridge, Dr. Honor B. Fell is growing artificial tissue.

In Vienna, Dr. Friederich Gottendenker has produced synthetic blood.

In Russia, Alexis Carrel has made human hearts live outside their bodies.

And in the St. Antoine Hospital, Paris, human blood is being stored indefinitely, to save human life.

JOHN BULL, *I am not going to tell you why I am recalling all this—but it's a mad, mad world.*—Leslie Day, 104, Lumley Road, Walsall.

Britain, Germany, Russia and France—all striving to preserve human life. Our readers will know why Reader Day recalls all this.

We Get About

A friend, just back from the East, has read every copy of JOHN BULL for the last sixteen years. Often they have reached him out of sequence, for he has read them in China, Japan, Australia, Persia, India and a few other countries.

I became a reader some years earlier and have read my copies in U.S.A., Cuba, Bolivia, Peru, Chile, Argentina, Portugal and Spain.—L. F. Ritte, 45, Colin Gardens, London, N.W.9.

We certainly get about. When we erroneously described the world's second biggest telescope as the biggest, some months ago, we received corrections from eleven different countries.

Making Sure

My ten-year-old daughter has been making tea for her teachers—as a labour of love, of course, although they insist on giving her three-ha'pence a week.

The income-tax inspector has actually sent her income-tax forms.

Can they have heard? — Mrs. McDowell, 2, Nashville Street, Keighley, Yorks.

Income-tax authorities get hold of names somehow, send along forms just in case. In this way forms are often addressed to authors and playwrights who have been dead a hundred years or more. Book or play has been revived, and some lynx-eyed official notices name of author.

Humanity

Returning home by train, recently, I saw a small party of men on the platform. By their nearness, I soon guessed that three were prisoners and the others police officers.

On entering their carriage I was delighted, I can assure you, when the policeman in charge put a cigarette in the mouth of each captive, lit it, and then settled down to a real heart-to-heart talk with them all.—J. C., Oak Lea, Soldridge, Medstead, Alton, Hants.

It usually happens that way nowadays, we are glad to say. Prison commissioners are against convicted men being transported ostentatiously, and most chief constables are just as human regarding remand prisoners.

£10 to 1d.

Ready money betting is supposed to be illegal.

Yet every day I see the "runners" of the big insurance companies collecting, at house doors, penny bets that their companies take when laying £10 to 1d. that the assured person doesn't die in the next week.—W. F. H., Coventry.

Novel but very faulty reasoning. The two things aren't comparable. With insurance you are certain of a return. Therefore it isn't gambling.

Bitter Fruits

Just back after seven months' holiday in England, I have bought bananas at 120 for a penny. Pineapples, far bigger and more luscious than those you buy at 1s. 6d., are 1½d. Coconuts and a wide variety of fruits drop to the ground and rot.

You want these blessings, I know.

Yet, because we can't get you to buy them, natives go naked—and starve as well! For you can't live on fruit alone.

Can't something be done to adjust this state of affairs?—Bert Jeffers, Warribanou, Dominica, British West Indies.

Reader Jeffers, editor of Dominica's paper "Dominica," knows, as we know, that people at home would be only too glad to buy these wasted bounties of the Empire—if they could get them.

Don't Blame Him

Mr. Lennox Boyd came to visit our Keep Fit class for the unemployed the other day. Congratulating us on our display, he said he would do all he could when he got back to London.

Apparently he did. He cut our expenses money. We had been having 2s. for 'bus fares.—W. Evans, 13, Big Row, Cwmbach, Aberdare, Glam.

Not Mr. Lennox Boyd's fault. These things are done by Whitehall's departmental economaniacs.

Shoddy Crooks

My boy, having left school, and having the ambition to own a garage of his own, was overjoyed to get a job as garage hand.

One of his first jobs was to fill up a big car with petrol worth 7s. 10d. That was on September 4. The moment he replaced the filler-cap the occupants of the car gave a laugh and drove off without paying.

So he has been sacked. And I am left with the opinion that decent convicts would want to give a beating-up to such men as those.—Bernard Jones, 14, Greenside Estate, Shafton, near Barnsley.

Hundreds of shoddy crooks are practising that trick.

Post-dated

I have found several local pillar-boxes inscribed V.R.

Somebody at the G.P.O. has overlooked the fact that four kings have ruled since the reign of Queen Victoria. —S. Saunders, "The Manse," Brockdish, Diss, Norfolk.

A fair number of V.R. pillar-boxes still survive. Studying your purse, Post Office keeps them till new ones are necessary. Then they are smelted down and, with the addition of a few bedsteads, become bright new G.VI models.

Where is Crayke?

Old people often insist that Crayke, a village in the middle of Yorkshire, belongs to the County of Durham.

Year after year the story persists—and nobody seems to settle it one way or the other.—William Winder, 5, Heptinstall Street, Worsbro' Dale, Barnsley.

Crayke used to be part of Durham set in middle of Yorks, we are informed by Clerk of Easingwold Council.

Criminals and debtors used to flock there for sanctuary, knowing they couldn't be arrested until proceedings had been taken at Durham, eighty miles away.

Although annexed to the North Riding early in Victoria's reign, thousands still regard it as in Durham!

We want to know what you are thinking about, what you've seen or done.

So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published, and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.

And there are other pages where you can help us to help you.

A. G. Gardiner ..... Page 9
Sir Wyndham Childs ..... Page 17
Human Documents ..... Page 30
True Story ..... Page 33

AND NOW WHAT ?

Now, having escaped war at the eleventh hour, let us put the past behind us but use its lesson to fill the future with peace. Might not the Palace of the League of Nations, which you see here, become a palace of real peace?

BY a hair's breadth we are saved. A few days ago all seemed lost. War, dreadful, ferocious, hungry for young lives, seemed inevitably on its way to curse and destroy our generation. But we are saved.

Give thanks for that. Give praise for it. But do not let us stop at that. This time, surely this time, let us learn our lesson.

Let the nations pledge themselves now to make a great fresh start. Let them put the past behind them. The past is full of mistakes and crimes, full of anger and accusation, full of enmity.

Let us try to fill the future with peace.

Look honestly at the past. Put national pride aside. Survey those crowds of mistakes. Can you really and truly say they have all been on one side?

ALL the nations have made mistakes. Not one is spotless. And not one is entirely black, entirely without a case.

Germany and Italy have made mistakes, done wrong things. But so have Britain and France.

Did they not impose upon a disarmed and democratic Germany a Treaty of Peace so harsh and unfair that its provisions have rankled ever since?

Has not that Treaty, with its admitted injustices, played a very great and very evil part in creating all the unrest and strife in Europe to-day?

Have they not great Empires? Did they not gain them by the use of force? And do they not hold those Empires to-day as their own, and for the most part for their own advantage?

So let us try to put the past behind us. Let us try to bury its hatreds. Let us use this opportunity to make a new beginning. Let us make a clean start all over again.

That is the debt we owe to all those in all nations who went about with heavy hearts in the black days—to the common peoples of all races and nations, who have no quarrels with one another, who do not want to slaughter one another, who want only happiness and peace.

Let there be summoned a new Peace Conference. Let all the nations be invited.

Let it be done while there is still fresh in the mind of the world the experience of this last fortnight, with its hopeless despair, its agonised preparation to say good-bye to loved ones, its seeming end to all that makes life beautiful and reasonable—and then, after that, its flood of relief and its deep rejoicing.

What should be achieved at that conference?

FIRST. The statesmen of all the nations should solemnly outlaw violence. They should solemnly renounce war.

Britain and France should start off by frankly saying that the Treaty of Versailles was a tragic error. Germany should respond to that by saying that if Britain and France act in that spirit there will be no more German threats.

Second. They should at once give proof that they do mean what they say by beginning NOW to discuss the manifold problems of the world, taking the biggest and most dangerous first. Spain and China and Palestine—all those centres where precious lives are being lost—must be dealt with. And solutions must be reached with reasonable speed. It is nonsense to say that solutions cannot be reached, if there is a willingness to make some sacrifices here, and not to claim too much there, and a determination to give justice to others no less firm than determination to secure justice for oneself.

But this real job of getting down to old problems with a new outlook must begin and must succeed.

The world has had enough of conferences that began with plenty of promises, but then never led to anything else.

Third. The nations must exchange promises, one with the other, to stand by any nation threatened with attack by another nation.

If the threatened nation is itself prepared to offer honest and peaceful satisfaction of just claims, it must be entitled to support.

In this last crisis, Britain and France did firmly say that if Czechoslovakia would follow a just policy they would defend her against attack. It was the giving of that firm pledge that played the first part in avoiding war.

Fourth. The nations must call a halt to the arms race. If they outlaw war, and seek just settlements, and stand together to defend peace,

Without Fear or Favour

then—and then alone—they will be able to end it. For what purpose would it serve?

These things must be done. And they can be done.

If Germany or Italy is determined inexorably upon war, of course, the conference will fail.

If Britain and France and America are determined to make no contribution to general appeasement, then, of course, it will fail, too.

But let us not be cast down by past failures. Let us have that great conference.

For what is the alternative? What will happen if the world does not break free from its own past?

The forces of hate will deepen and grow. Suspicion and fear and anger will mount ever higher. The nations will drift further and further apart in brooding enmity. Then they will crash together for a death struggle.

Every man and woman alive in this country to-day knows these are not merely words. Just over a week ago it nearly happened.

Now we will say something very plainly, though some may not like it.

The most important thing for the peace of us all is that an agreement should be reached between Britain and Germany.

It must not be an agreement reached without consulting the rest of the world. It must not be an exclusive agreement, but one in which the rest of the world shares.

It must be at the expense of no other nation, certainly not of France. For Britain and France are sisters whom none shall set apart.

But agreement, a fair agreement, there must be. And soon.

Germany looks at us, and says:—

"You are a nation of 45,000,000 people, a great and powerful nation. You have a great Empire which you acquired by fighting. It amounts to a fifth of the land surface of the world. You have adopted an Imperial tariff policy which excludes us from its great markets.

"We are 77,000,000 people. We have no colonies. We had some. They were taken from us. What about it?"

Well, what about it? In a world in which there are Great Powers, and those Great Powers have colonies which they run for their own advantage, what about it? Shall some have colonies, but others be denied them?

WILL it be said to Germany: "We give up nothing. By the sword we took. By the sword we hold? Is that peace? Or will Germany note what we say about the value of the sword and prepare?

Let us be honest with ourselves. Let us make up our minds about this now, for colonies are the next great problem. Let us not delay this next time until the fifty-ninth minute of the twelfth hour.

We must make a colonial settlement with Germany, or we must expect trouble.

The first course is much the best. Let us take it at this conference.

Perhaps some may say to this: "Nothing for Hitler. Nothing for Fascism. It makes them stronger." Think a little deeper.

What has made Hitler? Hitler has been raised to power precisely by this policy of trying to keep the unfair Versailles Peace Treaty upon Germany.

And all the time he has been able to win the support of the German people because he has been able to say: "I will deliver you from injustice."

THE policy of Versailles made Nazism. Then why not try reversing the policy, and see if it will not unmake it?

Why not try treating every claim made by Germany strictly on its merits, instead of tending to turn it down because Hitler asks it?

For if it is turned down, and yet is not an unjust demand, is not Hitler strengthened with his own people?

The policy of justice for all nations is the policy of peace and of democracy and of human progress.

For it alone will calm the world, and will make any war-maker seem not a man with a cause, but a madman to be spurned.

NOW READ A. G. G.'s VIEWS ON PAGE 9.

Dear Mr. Chamberlain..

MY DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—We are all grateful to you. Yes, even your political opponents.

No man could have laboured more ungrudgingly and with greater patience than you have done in these weeks of dreadful suspense.

Sinking personal pride, enduring rebuffs that would have driven many another statesman to disastrous fury, persisting when Hope itself seemed futile, you struggled to lift the shadow of war that lay over Europe.

Now, war is no longer an hourly danger. We are still at peace, and the nation's thanks go to you for your efforts to preserve it.

We may differ whether your attitude during the crisis has invariably been the wisest and the most expedient that could have been adopted.

Some of us may think that less ambiguous language and a firmer policy might have deterred the German Fuehrer from presenting the ultimatum that early last week made war appear inevitable.

I, for one, do not join in the exaggerated acclamation you have received from some quarters — tributes that describe you as "Christlike" and "incredibly saintly."

To me, you appear a very ordinary person, a man of ordinary talents who turned to politics comparatively late in life, and who has reached an eminence to which you did not dare aspire.

And it is because I think of you as an ordinary man that my sincere and cordial congratulations may perhaps be more acceptable to you than hysterical plaudits.

I admire the generous impulse, the absence of that false pride which is often termed "prestige," which took you to Berchtesgaden.

Calm Dignity

I ADMIRE the determination you displayed at Godesberg, the restraint you showed when, having arranged a settlement, you were confronted with the increased demands of Herr Hitler.

In this fresh and more deadly dilemma, you showed a dignity and resolute calm that met with immediate appreciation, not only in this country, but throughout most of the civilised world.

So much I can say without commenting in detail on the course of your discussions.

I know the price you have paid for your devotion to duty.

Only a few short—yet seemingly interminable—weeks ago you were a hale though ageing man.

The strain of your interviews with the German leader, your all-night telephone conversations with London, the growing tension following your return, then the delicate negotiations in Munich—these have left their mark upon you.

You are now a desperately weary and overburdened old man. It would be miraculous were it not so.

But what of the future?

Though catastrophe has been averted at the eleventh hour, the task before us is no less formidable than the issues you so lucidly stated in your great speech when Parliament reassembled, the speech which was so happily interrupted.

Is your Cabinet ready for that task? Does it realise the full implications of the present situation?

"One by one, the lights of Europe are going out," it was said on the fateful eve of August 4, 1914. Last week, too, we saw them go out, and our ears seemed to hear the drone of bombers that would ravage Europe's capitals.

These lights, which are gleaming once more, will surely be extinguished again unless we have brought to an end not a month of crisis, but a whole era.

We have got to begin afresh.

Europe must no longer be divided into two camps.

The grievances that have been accumulating during these embittered years of so-called peace must be remedied without the need of massing armies and defiant challenges.

Events have proved that trust in military alliances can provide no guarantee of lasting peace.

Real Security

WE must return to the ideals of collective security; we must see that those ideals are, at long last, put into effect.

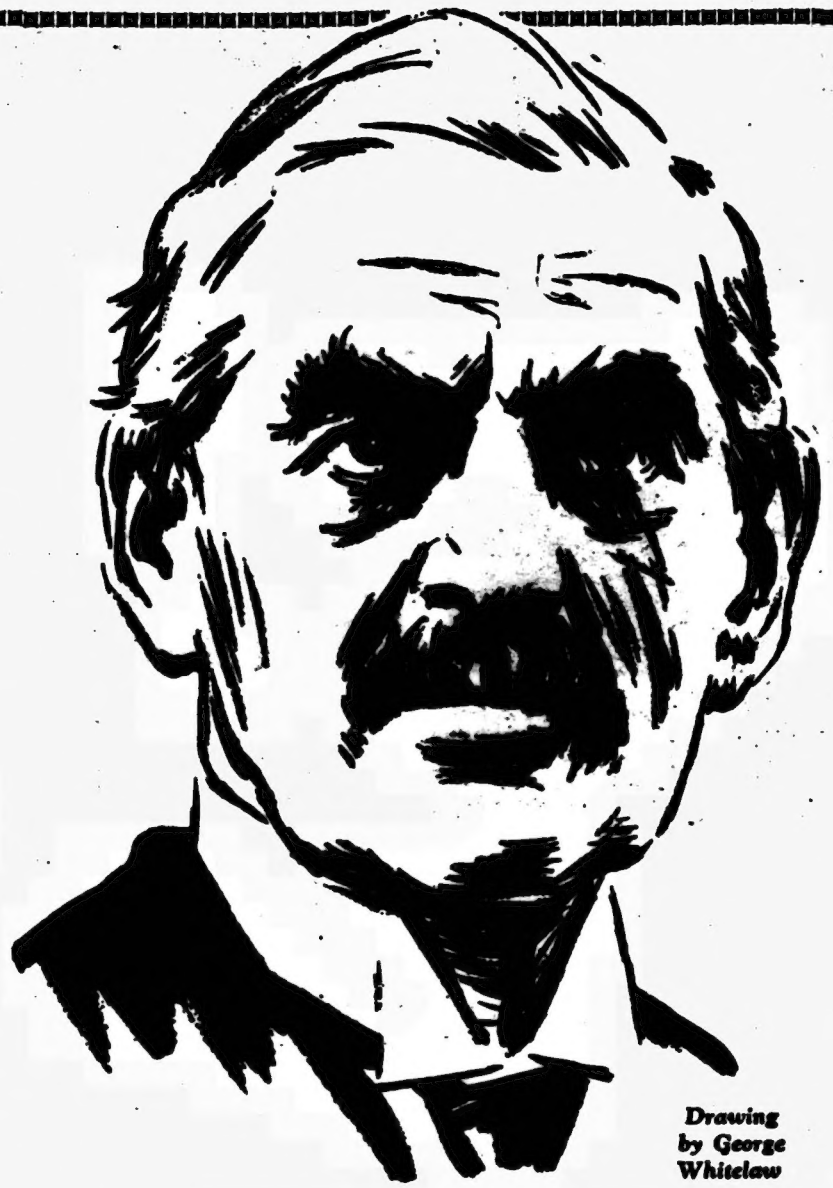
A new international order must be evolved from the chaos that threatened to plunge all Europe into anarchy but a short while ago.

This country, which through you has taken the leadership in staving off the imminent danger of catastrophe, should take the lead in setting up a system based on order and justice.

I do not know if you are willing to shoulder this great and imperative responsibility.

No one can blame you if you leave it to younger men, for you have done your part in the saving of humanity from the misery and suffering of war.

I must, indeed, record that, in my view, the foreign policy of your administration—a policy which helped to reduce the League of Nations to impotence—was partly to blame for the menacing terror from which we have so narrowly escaped.



Drawing by George Whitelaw

Restraint

STILL, if you choose to continue your efforts to lead the world away from the brink of destruction, I shall be the first to wish you God-speed.

Whatever your work in the years ahead, you will go down to history as a statesman of integrity, courage and unfailing patience.

You will always be remembered as the man who, in our darkest hour, fixed his eyes on the light of Reason and brought us back into its reassuring glow.

Whatever criticism may be levelled against you, we shall honour you for the restraint and tenacity you manifested in that all-important period of our lives.

I have attacked you in the past. It may be that, since I have no Party ties, I shall consider it my duty to attack your administration in the future.

We Are Grateful

BUT I shall always be grateful. I shall always insist that you deserve well of Britain, of every other civilised nation, and of generations yet to come.

When your Cabinet colleagues, taking you by surprise, cheered your departure for Munich and clapped you on the back, they expressed the feelings of all Britain.

The "Heils" which greeted your arrival in Germany proved not only the anxiety of Germans to avoid conflict, but their gratitude for the statesman who, as Signor Mussolini has declared, has become a flying ambassador of peace.

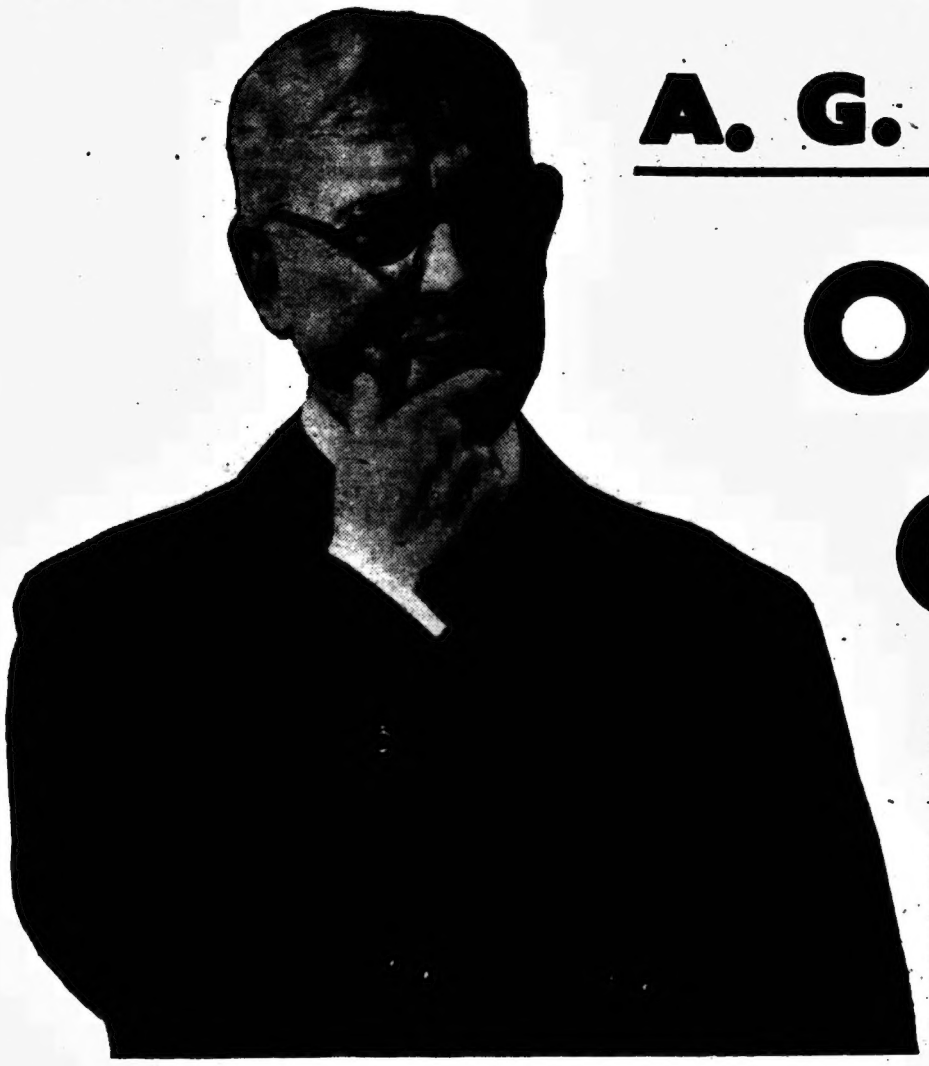
Time after time it seemed that you had failed, that your aeroplane was but a swift harbinger of war.

In the end, your steadfastness of purpose lifted the dread from our hearts.

It may perhaps be appropriate that it should have been you, member of a family of screw and chain-makers, who fashioned the chains of international accord.

I repeat that we must strengthen those chains to keep in leash the forces of unreason and militarism, not merely for a few months, but for all time.

With that—however we may differ about the best means to adopt—I know you will agree.—JOHN BULL.



"Now that the gospel of force is once more in the hands of Germany," asks A. G. G., "what can be done to stay its course before we are brought to the brink of war again?"

A. G. Gardiner Asks—

ONE VITAL QUESTION

THE world has looked into the abyss and drawn back.

It has purchased peace at a price and the horror of modern war is so immeasurable that one is tempted to think that no price is too high to pay for peace.

When we think of the sea of horror into which all Europe would have been engulfed at this moment had that price not been paid, we understand the vast wave of thanksgiving that surged over the earth at the news that the shadow had passed.

In that thanksgiving special recognition is made of the man whose efforts to avert the catastrophe have won the admiration and the gratitude of mankind in all lands.

Our Task

No statesman in history has borne a more terrible responsibility than that which Mr. Chamberlain has borne in these days, and if Europe is at peace to-day it is due mainly to his heroic efforts to save it.

The task before us now is to preserve it.

We have a respite from war. We have to convert it into a reprieve from war, or the agonies through which we have lived in the past weeks will return again and again until no human effort can avert the catastrophe.

What are the prospects of securing that reprieve? Let us look at the situation from both points of view.

Take the darker side first. The first fact we have to face is that the peace is a surrender to force.

In the first conversation with Mr. Chamberlain at Berchtesgaden, Herr Hitler said that he proposed to carry through his programme even "at the risk of a world war."

It was under that threat that the negotiations, if negotiations they can be called, proceeded.

He was not prepared to discuss grievances or to consider terms. His terms were absolute surrender. He had assembled a million men and set the whole machine of war in readiness for instant action.

Hate and Fury

The furnace of hatred of the Czechs was stoked to white heat in Germany. The people were flogged into fury by every engine of the Press, the platform and the loudspeaker.

No word of appeasement or protest was allowed to reach the mind of the German people.

Down to this hour the moving appeals for peace addressed to Hitler by President Roosevelt have not been published in Germany, and even the interventions of Mr. Chamberlain were represented much more as evidences of sympathy with Germany than as desperate attempts by a potential enemy to avert the catastrophe of war.

With every concession the demands of Hitler were raised, always under the menace of instant war, until even the patience of Mr. Chamberlain broke into "bitter reproaches" of his irreconcilable attitude.

Surrender

In a word, from beginning to end Hitler talked in one language and one language only—the language of force.

And it is to that language that Europe has surrendered, and on the terms of fear that it has purchased peace.

This is the culmination of a sequence of events the effect of which is to make force the sole arbiter of affairs in Europe, and Herr Hitler the dictator of its fate.

Within five years he has destroyed every major feature of the Versailles Treaty and with it the covenant of the League of Nations, the Locarno Pact, the Kellogg Pact, and all the machinery laboriously set up for the peaceful settlement of international affairs.

The pity of it is that we should have to admit that much that he has done should not have been left to him to do.

He is the Nemesis of the disastrous Peace which, in seeking to keep Germany under the harrow for all time, sowed the dragon's teeth which have now sprung up armed men.

In a memorable letter to the Emperor of Austria in 1814, when Napoleon was protesting against the terms of peace which the Allies were offering him, he said, "Your Majesty knows that terms which involve the degradation and humiliation of thirty million people cannot endure."

It was the forgetfulness of that truth in 1919 and in the years following, when the Germany of Stresemann and Bruening was vainly pleading for a relaxation of the penalties of war, that is directly responsible for the tragic landscape of Europe to-day.

Wrong breeds wrong and force in the end is the inevitable reply to force.

Now that events have gone full circle, and the gospel of force has passed once more to the hands of Germany, what is to be done to stay its course before another crisis brings us to the brink of war again?

Caught Napping

One thing is clear. We must be in a position to speak to Hitler in his own language.

Blink the fact how we choose, the dictated peace of Munich is based on the power of Germany to enforce its will, and on its superior readiness to submit the issue to the sword.

We have to face this fact and accept its consequences.

That the democratic Powers have been caught napping is now plain to the whole world.

While they have been discussing peace the dictatorship, working always in secret, has built up, as Hitler proudly boasted in his speech at Berlin, the most tremendous military engine in history.

That engine is the only argument on which he relies, and the experience in the case of Czechoslovakia shows that, until he can be met in the terms of that argument, it is idle to offer him any other.

In the light of what has happened, we must press forward with our rearmament programme with redoubled energy.

Hateful as the task is, there is no alternative. Everything, money, liberty, leisure, must be devoted without stint to the task of making the nation secure against attack and the British Empire secure against disruption.

Be Strong

Whatever the claims of national service that may have to be made upon us, they must be met instantly and cheerfully.

If freedom is to survive, the democracies must show that they can make themselves as formidable in the defence of peace as the slave states of the dictatorship can be in the threat to peace.

Only in this way can Power politics be shown to be the ghastly mistake that in the end they have always proved to be.

Only in this way can we hope to bring the nations back to that ideal of co-operation and civilised intercourse which the League of Nations embodied and which the provisions of the Peace of Versailles did so much to destroy.

Great Chance

The task is not hopeless.

Nothing has been more remarkable in the feverish days we have passed through than the evidences of the universal fear of war which possesses the common people of all nations—Germany as much as the rest.

And Herr Hitler himself seems to have assured Mr. Chamberlain that his appetite for conquest in Europe is now satisfied.

If that is so, and if on that basis the proposed agreement between him and Mr. Chamberlain can be ratified, he may come to see that Germany's prosperity, like the prosperity of all of us, can alone be established in a world where confidence, security and peace prevail.

And in the great argument against war all the democracies of Europe have behind them the powerful influence of the United States, whose President played so noble a part in stemming the plunge to ruin last week.

We are living through a great epoch in history. We must not take too seriously the setback of the moment.

If the democracies are loyal to themselves the reign of law in the world will yet be restored, and restored on a more enduring foundation.

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By the light of flares, trenches were dug in London parks

WEEK THAT SHOOK THE WORLD

By a "John Bull" Special Investigator

THIS is the story of you and me, and millions of people like us.

How we lived through a week that shook the world; how we faced the greatest test of all and somehow came through smiling to see a happier dawn.

During those anxious days every eye was fixed on the central figures of that vast canvas on which the drama of Europe was being painted in great, slashing strokes. The millions of tiny figures that made the background of the painting were overshadowed, forgotten.

Yet, without them, the picture would have had no meaning.

* * *

On the day that Mr. Chamberlain returned from Godesberg with his report of Hitler's growing truculence, I was in Glasgow, my starting place for a tour southwards through the country to see how the ordinary people were reacting to the problems and events on which their destiny depended.

The news was grave. The headlines grim. But Glasgow took it calmly.

Along crowded streets a loudspeaker van roared out the message: "A.R.P. workers! A.R.P. workers! Please report. Precaution duties only!"

People looked at each other for a moment, shrugged their shoulders, and went on their way. Indifferent? No.

Forming Fours

Within a few hours, the closes and entries of the city's notorious tenements had been converted into sandbagged refuges. Hospital evacuation was in progress.

Outside every cinema appeared an announcement that a special film was to be shown to teach the rudiments of A.R.P.

In the parks, contractors' men pegged out zig-zag lines and navvies marched up in columns of fours with picks and shovels at the slope.

No alarm. Not a pause in the life of the community.

The same calm in Edinburgh. Except that for a few moments, people in sedate Prince's Street were stopped in their paces by a new sound—the whine and wail of an air-raid siren at practice.

They laughed a little ashamedly at themselves, as if they had betrayed an emotion that was secret.

Outside one public building, files of men and women waited to offer their services for any job that wanted doing.

And scores of gleeful children romped beside them on a new kind of playground—a rampart of sandbags which had appeared overnight.

* * *

Manchester. Guns and men in khaki with full kit.

No one seemed very interested in the artillery. Except a few giggling girls with cameras. They were frowned away by sentries.

On London Road Station two hundred Territorial soldiers with steel helmets slung from their shoulders. Just boys.

Two hours before they had been in the offices, shops and mills.

Most had rushed to the drill halls without time for a meal. But on the platform there was food in plenty, served by fifty or sixty women.

Organised in advance? Not a bit of it!

Only the spontaneous effort of housewives in the district.

* * *

Historic York. City of narrow streets and the half-timbered houses of the past. Its peace had become a bustle.

Six hundred years ago its massive walls were the pride and protection of the citizens.

Sanctuary

Now, reinforced with sandbags, they again offer sanctuary in time of danger.

Throughout the night workmen had been turning them into anti-air raid shelters, digging trenches in the moat and the gardens of the ancient Deanery.

York's people have been supplied with 100,000 gas-masks, most of them assembled by girls from the chocolate factories.

* * *

Leeds at night. Desolate streets, emptied not by the rainstorm sweeping the city, but because everyone was indoors listening to the Premier's voice telling them he saw little hope of further mediation.

Twenty minutes later the people were out again, more grim, more tense.

Whole families flocked to join the queues for gas-masks.

Midnight Rush

From one depot ten cars filled with masks set off to visit sick and helpless whose names had been collected by the police that day.

Recruiting officers, civilian enrolment stations—all busy until long after midnight.

* * *

Hull had terrible memories revived.

Twenty years ago the city suffered heavily from enemy bombs. No chances this time.

Nearly 30,000 joiners mobilised to build shelters. Every household could have a trench dug for it by municipal effort.

One day was enough for the work to be organised.

In the streets, armoured cars, anti-tank and machine-guns.

But nobody seemed to take much notice of them.

Nottingham folk prepared to imitate their Saxon forefathers and become cavemen.

Shelters were being excavated in the sandstone bluff on which the city stands. Room for 250,000. Blue crosses point the way to safety.

Trenches in the parks, of course. Line upon line of them, looking like a Flanders battlefield.

In the van of A.R.P., every citizen has a gas-mask. They're no longer curiosities, and children prattle about the "gas-mask man."

Birmingham people, whose job is equipping the nation for defence, seemed unconcerned about their own safety.

At the heart of industrial Britain they have always expected to be raided early and often, and, rightly, have believed that the authorities had a 100 per cent. scheme in readiness.

Shadow factories, armament and munition works went on with their twenty-four-hour shifts.

Business as usual!

* * *

Into London. Crowds . . . crowds . . . crowds. . . .

Nothing like that anywhere else in the country. Grave faces.

But a newsboy shouting "Hitler signs for Arsenal" got a few smiles.

The centre of the city shifted from Piccadilly to Whitehall and Westminster Bridge. Always a group at the Cenotaph.

Guns, great and small, everywhere. In the most unlikely places. On the roofs of public-houses, among the bushes in the parks, on the top floor balcony of an hotel.

The giant searchlights were the biggest draw and target of most jokes.

Behind each lamp a look-out man reclining in a tilted hammock-chair.

"Gee, chum, this is a grand war you're having! No beds like that in the last do!"

Among the onlookers a forlorn fellow moaned about his homelessness.

Yesterday, he said, he went back from the office to his suburb and found his wife and children with neighbours.

That morning a gun had been parked in his garden and its crew billeted in his villa.

"Cheer up, mate, they'll leave you the gun as a souvenir."

* * *

Midnight in the royal parks. Battalions of men, in the light of flares, excavating London's section of the civil trenches that stretch from Cornwall to Caithness.

Kensington women and their servants carry jugs of tea and plates of sandwiches to the diggers.

From end to end of the city, long, patient queues waiting to be fitted or supplied with respirators were chaffing each other, pretending to find fun in the grim business.

Heroic humour. It didn't chase the clouds away. But it did help us to "keep cool heads and brave hearts" in that week that shook the world.

Radio Roundabout

The greatest short-wave radio link-up in history takes place in London in November.

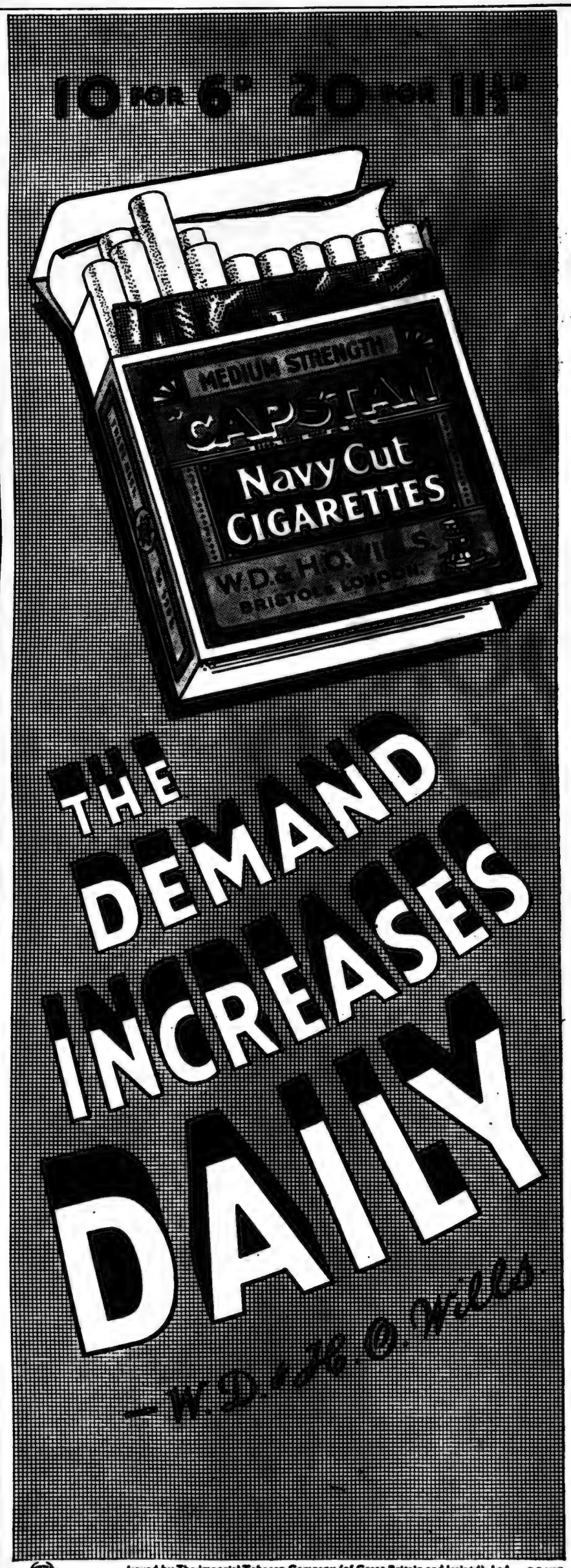
Amateurs in all parts of the world who have short-wave transmitting licences are co-operating with the International Short Wave Club to call Olympia during the Woman's Fair.

Well, before Woman's Fair opens, British transmitters will be chatting to far-off friends about arrangements for the link-up.

Listeners in this country who have short-wave sets will be able to listen to these conversations.

At the same time, they can qualify for an interesting competition which will be run in connection with the Short Wave Club scheme.

They will be invited to see how many stations they can log during certain hours.



Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. G.G.1338.

THE metal cap of the bottle was stubborn. He tried all ways to get it off, but it would not budge. Then he thought of the time-honoured method of getting that cap off with a coin.

He twisted the coin first one way and then another, but still the cap remained immovable. He tried again. Suddenly his hand slipped and he struck his knuckles against the sharp edge of the cap.

He paid little attention to this mishap. Like thousands of men, he thought it was "nothing," yet it cost him his life. He died later as a result of blood poisoning.

"JOHN BULL'S" CHEQUE FOR WIDOW.

This, in brief, is the tragic fate that recently befell Mr. W. C. Darville, of "Watville," Route Isabelle, St. Peter Port, Guernsey.

As Mr. Darville was a registered reader of "John Bull," a cheque for £50—the benefit provided for fatal home accidents under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift—has been promptly paid to his widow.

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In addition to providing numerous other benefits, "John Bull" is still *the only paper in the world to safeguard your household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST and to pay SICKNESS BENEFITS.*

£1,036 PAID LAST WEEK.

During the past week alone "John Bull" distributed no less than £1,036 6s.7d. to registered readers or their dependants. An announcement of great importance to all registered readers appears on page 13 of this issue.

If you have not yet registered, let me urge you to do so immediately. It may mean so much to you and yours.

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Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing septic conditions arising where the membranes are broken or inflamed. Don't suffer from piles a day longer—get a 1/3 box of Zam-Buk and use according to printed directions.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles, you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use, price 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep.

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"The pain and haemorrhage of piles caused constant misery. I began to look like an old man and was low-spirited. Regular use of Zam-Buk caused the piles to disappear and ended my years of suffering."—Mr. A. F., Liverpool.

Men said "We should be happier if such things had never been!" But wings and words proved in the end to be our

SAVIOURS OF THE AIR

SHOCKED by the horrors of aerial bombardment, disgusted by the lies of wireless propaganda, men have said that the world would have been better if the aeroplane and radio had never been invented.

Yet, when the world tottered on the abyss of war, it was these two inventions—the very things men had grown to hate and fear—which did so much to save it from the final plunge.

Both proved that, rightly used, they were the enemies of Armageddon, not its slaves.

Time was vital in the days of crisis; every minute saved was a minute gained in the cause of Peace.

So, in making his dramatic visits to the German Chancellor, Mr. Chamberlain travelled by air.

Up to that time he had never flown—and it is no secret that he disliked the experience.

Precious Time

Both he and M. Daladier, the French Premier, would much prefer the quieter, slower comfort of Channel steamer and express train.

But time was too precious for such considerations.

For them the greatest, most terrible instrument of war and destruction became the vehicle of peaceful negotiations. Without the aeroplane they could not have done their work.

But Mr. Chamberlain has confessed to friends that, when all the troubles are ended, he never wants to fly again.

How has the radio worked for Peace?

Everyone who has a wireless in their home knows what comfort it has given; knows how it has brought the drama of the world's destiny to our firesides.

Radio linked our people and their leaders together with the greatest bond of all, the bond of the spoken word.

By the magic of broadcasting, their voices came to us as though they themselves were in the same room.

The voice of the Queen, with her message of good cheer and fellowship from the King; the voice of the Prime Minister, anxious, grave and fatherly.

Yes, even the voice of Herr Hitler. . . .

Millions Heard

Proclamations and orders were simplified because they were spoken.

There was not a second's delay in circulating information upon which our lives might have depended.

We hoped for the best, while preparing for the worst.

Each night, the calm voice of the announcer, breaking grave or glad news to millions. "I have been asked to read this warning to mariners at dictation speed . . ."

As he gave the details, imagination filled in the gaps.

We appreciated what those warnings meant—that the British Navy had prepared, that the safety of naval harbours had been ensured.

Stark Reality

How impressive it was when the Prime Minister spoke to us, telling just as much as he could, letting us know that we were just as much a part of it all as a Cabinet Minister.

Again, there was the news from abroad; from the places where the armed men were marshalled and waiting.

Remember the cry from Prague, retransmitted through the British radio, when the Czech army was placed on a war footing.

"Surely nobody will believe that mobilisation of little Czechoslovakia can constitute a menace to anyone else."

That one sentence brought stark realisation. It pulled at the heart-strings.

And that is what the radio can do like nothing else in the way of propaganda. It is so near, so intimate—that quiet voice in one's own home.

Each night now and onwards that voice will also be speaking to Germany on wavelengths that every German listener can take.

No chance of misunderstandings in future. Germany is being told nightly in lengthy news bulletins what Britain is planning, doing and thinking.

Two weeks ago the German people were ignorant of feeling in this country. They knew nothing of the action which Britain would take.

They had received only the carefully restricted news of the German Government propaganda department.

When Walter Neusel, the famous German boxer, came from Hamburg to watch the fight in London between Phillips and Doyle, he had not the slightest idea of what was taking place in England.

He believed that we were on the side of Herr Hitler, helping him to gain Sudetenland.

But that can never happen again. The blanket of silence has been torn aside for ever. A quiet voice is telling Germany the truth. . . .

Truth at Last

Whose is that voice? It belongs to Mr. Duncan Grindell-Milne, B.B.C. announcer, whose knowledge of German won him the honour of broadcasting the Premier's speech to the millions under Herr Hitler's rule.

He speaks the language like a native, for he was educated at a German university, and, during the War, spent two and a half years there as a prisoner.

He managed to escape, and later described his adventures in a book, "An Escaper's Log."

His wife helps him in his work.

And it is a great work—the binding of two nations together; bringing them a new and greater understanding.

An understanding that, we trust, will endure for ever.

Every night the calm voice of the announcer brought grave or glad news to expectant millions. And that quiet voice told Germans the truth, which for so long had been kept from them—the blanket of silence had been torn aside for ever

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The Proprietors of JOHN BULL give notice in accordance with Clause (m) of the conditions which govern the JOHN BULL Free Family Insurance Gift, that in the event of an outbreak of war involving Great Britain, the benefits of the scheme will not apply to injury or loss incurred as a result of hostilities.

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Yes, Palmolive easily "tops the poll" on its shaving programme! It shaves more chins every morning than any other shaving preparation. The big majority of men start every day well with the perfect shave Palmolive's olive oil lather gives them—and enjoy its grand after-shave comfort!

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WRITE for full particulars of the new Murphy Television Sets from £30, as illustrated on page 12.

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MORE CASH FOR POULTRY-KEEPERS. Make bigger profits from your poultry NOW by getting the new revised 1938 edition of the "Feathered World" Year Book, now on sale. Packed with valuable information. NEARLY 400 PAGES deal with every poultry problem—essential help for beginners and experts alike. Send 2/6 P.O. TO-DAY to the "Feathered World," Dept. J.B., 9, Arundel Street, London, W.C.2.

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PORTABLE BUILDING CONSTRUCTION REVOLUTIONISED!! Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses, etc., now available made from genuine Western Red Cedar, the everlasting wood which defies rot, will not warp, crack or shrink and has a beautiful appearance. Prices are as low as £7/6 and all models are available on easy terms from 2/- down. FREE DELIVERY ALL SIZES. Send at once for FREE Illustrated Catalogue to: R. H. Hall & Co. (Kent), Ltd., 30, Paddock Wood, Kent.

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FREE Sample of CEPHOS, the Safe and Certain Physician's Remedy for Colds, Headaches, Neuralgia and Rheumatism. In Powder or Tablet form. Does not affect the heart. Send p.c. to CEPHOS, Ltd. (Dept. 29), BLACKBURN.

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A FREE Sample of URACE brand tablets for rheumatism sufferers is offered in ad. on p. 16.

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IF you endure the agonies of asthma and bronchitis, learn how instant relief can be yours by filling in the coupon in the Potter Clarke announcement on page 31 for a free copy of a special booklet, "Are You Asthmatic?"

MISCELLANEOUS.

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FREE.—Send for a sample of Hindes Hair Tint, stating shade required, to Hindes, Ltd., 8, Ol. Queen Street, London W.C.2, and enclose 2d. for postage. See page 30.

IF you suffer with influenza, colds or fevers, send for a free copy of "Everybody's Doctor" to Alfred Pennings, Cowes, Isle of Wight. Mention John Bull when writing. See p. 33.

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WHEN you want to keep out the cold, Stone's Original Ginger Wine is still the favourite drink to keep you glowing. For 200 years it has built up resistance and warded off colds. Always have a bottle handy. See page 23.

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FREE to all mothers. Valuable book, "BABY"—a wise, complete and simple guide to happy motherhood.—Write, mentioning John Bull, to Nestlé's, 6 S. Eastcheap, London, E.C.3, or fill in the coupon on page 23 now, for YOUR free copy.

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FREE.—Hundreds of free gifts can be exchanged for Rowntree's Cocoa coupons so send a 1d. postcard now to Dept. C.E.71, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for a wonderful free booklet and voucher, worth 3 coupons, which will give you full particulars of offer. Write at once for free booklet. See p. 28.

HARTLEY'S Marmalade completes the most important meal of the day—breakfast. Hartley's, which is the most delicious Marmalade that you can buy, contains the best oranges—the pick of the cream of the crop. Make your breakfast the most enjoyable and the most nutritious with the luxury Marmalade that ordinary people can afford. Now only 6½d. per 1-lb. jar, or 2 lb. for 1/-. See page 29.

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"... We Have Opened Our Eyes to the Truth"

"We have all of us looked with new eyes at our homes, our children, at the earth and the trees..."

It's Done Us All Good!

By E. Roffe Thompson

Author of our weekly feature, "The Human Machine" *(see page 28)*

IF there is anyone in the world to-day who can doubt that mankind is at heart one vast brotherhood, he must be wilfully blind and deaf to all around him.

For while we, and all the peoples of Europe, have been walking in very truth through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, there has not been man or woman—nor even child who was old enough to understand even dimly what was happening—who did not yearn day and night for the lifting of the shadow.

The fears that have scorched us all have revealed the common humanity that is our bond. Not only has nation spoken peace unto nation, but neighbour has spoken peace unto neighbour.

A common dread has produced a common kindliness and understanding that has had no equal in history.

Nowhere has there been any "Jingoism"; there has been no vituperation, no venom.

There has been only a common anxiety and a desire—almost terrifying in its inarticulate intensity—that a miracle might happen and the threatened catastrophe averted.

And the miracle happened. As almost the last grains of sand were running from the hour-glass of Fate, the unswerving faith of one man has forced a path through the darkness, and lighted a torch that can never be quenched.

Neville Chamberlain's name will go down to history; but by himself he could have done nothing. That he has been able to shoulder and sustain his incredible burden has been due to the fact that he has been supported on the united faith of a nation.

If we had all given way to panic and frenzy; if we had all thrown down our responsibilities and our duties; if we had sneered and scoffed and derided—then his battle would have been lost before it ever began.

But we didn't. We refused to disbelieve. We did more. We actively and intensely believed. We directed all the mental and spiritual forces at our command towards the support of the only man in the world who could save us from destruction.

The world has many a time been amusedly contemptuous of those who hold that there is any reality in mental and spiritual force: but before the shadow that still lies over us is finally dissipated, the world will have had to learn a much-needed lesson.

Men and women all over the world have been proving—not only to others but to themselves—that this is an eternal truth. For they have used that force and seen it triumph.

Seek Peace

There is not one of us who has not seen good triumph over evil in our private lives during these dark days.

Who is there who has not come across some soul in the torment of fear and turned that fear to tremulous hope? Or seen reason allay unreason? Or seen hysteria turn at least to resignation under the influence of sympathy and good will?

To have seen all this, to have taken part in all this—often despite ourselves—has been to learn a lesson that few of us will ever forget.

Do you ever read your Bible? You needn't be what men narrowly call "religious" to find in that assembly of wisdom the answers to the world's problems. Turn its pages and see.

In the First Epistle of St. Peter you can read:

Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous; not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing; but contrariwise blessing; knowing that ye are thereunto called, that ye should inherit a blessing. For he that will love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile: let him eschew evil, and do good; let him seek peace and ensue it.

Did you ever hear that bettered as a code of conduct for both men and nations?

There is another lesson that surely has been burned deep into the hearts of us all during the past days. Never before has there been such a clear demonstration of the sterility of pessimism and the solidity of optimism.

Force of Good

For even when the gloom was deepest, when hope seemed to the unthinking to be dead—even at that very moment all the forces of good in the world were massing to resist the impact of evil.

For the rest of your lives remember that. Make it the sheet-anchor of your faith.

I am an optimist. I always have been. I always shall be. I am not an optimist because I can't help being an optimist. I am an optimist because I coldly and deliberately refuse to be a pessimist.

Many times during the past two weeks people have said to me: What do you think of things? What do you think will happen?

I have always made the same reply: "On the clear understanding that all I am doing is exchanging my ignorance for yours, I'll tell you what I think."

The mere stating of such an obvious bit of truth usually changed gloomy faces into smiling ones—and the rest was easy.

It became possible to talk sense instead of nonsense. It became possible to exchange views on a common basis of humanity, instead of starting an argument based on political differences and half-digested theories. It was the most potent mental medicine I could have imagined.

Isn't it demonstrably the best way? Isn't it as plain as the nose on your face that only supreme optimism, supreme faith in the power of reason and good will, supreme belief in the basic *goodness* of mankind has brought about the meeting of the Powers at Munich?

Supposing Mr. Chamberlain had been a pessimist and had not pursued his faith?

Supposing President Roosevelt had not thought it worth while to appeal to every nation in the world?

Supposing Signor Mussolini and M. Daladier had just sat down in despair and done nothing?

You don't have to suppose: you know as well as I do what would have happened!

I think we have all learned one more lesson none of us will ever forget. We have had our eyes opened to realities. We have been brought to a sudden and stark realisation of true values.

I fancy we have all of us looked with new eyes at our homes, at our children, at the earth and the trees and the flowers. We have faced life steadily and seen it whole.

It's done us all good.

And now that the clouds are lifting, let's continue to live with this clearer vision in our eyes. Let's be saner and simpler.

Begin to Live

Let's be more human, more kindly, more sympathetic. Let's begin to live.

Get out into the clean air and smell the wind and the rain and the good earth. Drink in the calm and the strength that Nature gives. It's all ours for the taking.

If you've got a garden, go and dig in it. If you've got flowers, go and glory in them.

If you can do no more than look up into the heavens and watch the wind-driven clouds—do it.

And realise as you do it that you and I and every one of us are part of the mighty and mysterious force that has come from somewhere to save the world.

Can you doubt any more that thoughts are things? Can you argue any more against the illimitable power of the human mind?

Armies are immobilised and Navies and Air Forces locked to-day behind spiritual barriers that could not be more real and tangible if they were visible.

Mr. Chamberlain hasn't done it. Herr Hitler hasn't done it. We have done it.

You and I, every man and woman who has sent out thoughts of hope and comfort, thoughts of peace and calm—we've done it.

And on us all the burden of responsibility remains.

We have unchained forces for good that may yet change the force of the world.

Let us keep them alive.

Supreme Test

IT was what the occupier had always considered to be a flood-proof house.

True it stood within a few feet of the River Eden, and that river is apt to overflow its banks when rain swells the lakes high up in the hills.

But Cumberland ingenuity had made it so that water could stand round the walls to a depth of some feet without a drop entering.

The supreme test came the other day.

Rain fell so persistently and monotonously that the lakes higher up the river burst their banks. Water that came rushing down the river beat at the defences of that house like a battering ram.

All would have been well if the flood had not uprooted a tree which, in its falling, crashed into the fabric of the house.

Through that rent the torrent entered, flooding the ground floor to a depth of four feet.

For two days muddy flood-water swirled round furniture, doing damage to the extent of many scores of pounds.

But the residents did not despair.

They were insured against such happenings through John Bull's unique free family insurance gift, and we paid for the damage to their furniture and effects.

What is the qualification for such unique protection?

Just your signature on a coupon which you will find on page 12 of this issue. Not a penny piece to pay.

Turn to page 12 *now*!

all Change to RATIONAL TAILORING

"YOU'D BE SURPRISED AT THE SKILL and hard work that go into the building of a brick wall—especially if you take a pride in good work. Not that there's much wrong with the job, provided you don't get stoppages for bad weather—and it's certainly a healthy sort of life. If it's warm enough I usually work in my shirt sleeves and an old pair of trousers. It may not be smart but at any rate, it's comfortable."

"BUT WHEN I'M GOING OUT ANYWHERE, I like to dress well and to be comfortable too. This new overcoat of mine, for instance. A lovely piece of cloth and cut with some real style to it—the kind of coat any man would be proud to wear. I got it at The Fifty Shilling Tailors when I bought my new suit. Only fifty shillings! Value for money! I reckon that takes some beating."

★ ★ ★ *The Overcoat he is wearing is a shaped Chester. It's in dark grey Cheviot, but it looks just as smart in blue or black. Many customers have this style in a smooth Melton—particularly men who work in the City. It is certainly one of the most popular styles for town wear.*

STANDARD PRICES 50/- 63/- 75/-

The FIFTY SHILLING TAILORS

OVER 350 DEPOTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS

CURSED WITH RHEUMATISM

"A few months ago my wife suffered terrible agonising pains, she could not move a joint; her fingers were bent with Rheumatism . . . decided to give them (Urace Brand Tablets) a trial . . . my wife is walking about to-day as nimble as anyone."—S. R., Hull. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

FOR BARGAINS——

Turn to "JOHN BULL'S Shop Window." Page

——*See pages 2 and 3!*

Never have a shiny nose again!

How lovely you'd be if your skin was always 'matt' and never 'shiny.' *Make* it so with Snowfire Powder-Cream! Dance, walk, get hot—this clever combination of fragrant powder and cream keeps you fresh-looking all the time and it cannot clog the pores! Choose it in Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle or Ivory to suit your own skin colouring.

Never have a shiny nose—use

Snowfire
POWDER-CREAM

"AN **ESCAPE FROM PAIN**

A NEVER-FAILING TONIC"
writes Matron of London Nursing Home

This letter points to the great value of Phensic: "Patients find in Phensic a reliable escape from severe pain, and from the discomfort of high temperatures. Whatever the cause Phensic seems to give rapid relief, and it never harms the heart."

POWERFUL and SAFE! Weakest invalids benefit. Nerve pains of every kind: Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Headache and Rheumatic pain is swiftly eased leaving the mind refreshed and the body comfortable.

At all chemists:
3d, 6d, 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

"The Quick Reviver"

Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' Brand

The Wonderful Tablets that Drive out **PAIN**

BIG EMPIRE RAMP

Sir Wyndham Childs

Says: "The Empire Movement started by Mr. John Webb (whom you see here), is a ridiculous enterprise despite its imposing claims."

HAVE you ever heard of John Samuel Webb?

You should have done, because you must have read about The Empire Movement, and, apparently, the whole idea originated in the mind of Mr. Webb when he was only twelve years old.

He was then far away in the bush country of Northern Transvaal.

To-day, he is Controller of the Movement, with offices in Wellington House, Strand, London, W.C., and, in a brochure I have before me, his picture is next to that of the Earl of Harewood.

Below are portraits of the Duke of Beaufort and the Earl of Clarendon, and the next two pages are packed with the names of distinguished people.

There are Lord Lieutenants of many counties, Members of Parliament, General and Authors.

All of them are described as patrons of The Empire Movement Health Campaign.

I could understand how readily the laudable objects of such a campaign, attractively set out in the literature, would secure the approval of these public men.

That, I gather, is how they were approached, but there seems to be considerable doubt whether some of them realised that their names were to be printed as patrons.

Read a few extracts from the glamorous version of Webb's life, published in The Empire Movement brochure.

A grandson of Surgeon-General Vere Webb, he is supposed to have heard, when he was about twelve, that an Empire Day Movement had been formed.

This was to establish the practice of celebrating a certain day in all schools throughout the Empire as Empire Day.

It goes on: "The youthful mind of John Webb found a certain amount of amusement in the idea of a movement confined to a particular day or night, and he then conceived the idea of an Empire Movement to engage in Empire Propaganda all the year round.

"The war upset the nucleus of the idea, but in 1931 it was revived by John Webb, and he decided the movement could only be effective if it were established in London."

When Webb did arrive in England the torch of his great crusade did not seem to light up at all well.

Small Beginning

For the first three years he was associated with small concerns which had short and unsatisfactory lives.

The first real glimmerings of The Empire Movement came in June, 1933, when Empire Publications, Ltd., was registered at Empire House, Piccadilly, London.

John Webb was Manager. Since then he is shown in the records in various years as Chairman, Chief Officer in Charge of Moneys, Secretary, and, in 1937, Managing Director.

He still holds that position.

STARTLING DISCLOSURES

The Empire Movement seems to have grown up alongside Empire Publications, Ltd., from which it has drawn some of its revenue.

The finances of both ventures have been rather shy.

Out of Step

In March last, John Webb and Empire Publications were fined at Marylebone Police Court for failing to hang the balance-sheet of Empire Publications, Ltd., in a conspicuous place inside the office.

Webb was also fined for not fixing the registered name of the company outside the office, which was then at British Industries House, Marble Arch, London, W.

Then, in 1938, a letter filed by the auditors with the Registrar of Friendly Societies states: "Accounts have been irregularly kept, but any information asked for has been willingly given."

Internal organisation of this kind seems sadly out of step with the bold, confidently-phrased literature of The Empire Movement.

Every sentence rings with a clarion call to set the Empire on its feet, and make the welfare of this country run with clock-like precision.

The British Government set going schemes for national health and fitness, food storage in time of emergency, and Air Raids Precautions.

Along came The Empire Movement to supplement all these efforts with the energy and enthusiasm—on paper—of pioneers in wide open spaces.

Quite naturally, when they were approached, prominent men expressed approval of the objects.

That is a very different thing from joining the Movement, but no sooner had they expressed their approval than their names and pictures were emblazoned on the literature.

Worried Workers

One way in which this impudent window-dressing has been used has been to canvass advertisements for the Empire Movement Annual.

This publication and its revenue appear to have been the focal point of Mr. Webb's activities all through, and many men and women who have invested money in The Empire Movement, or taken up work in some capacity or other, have generally found themselves linked up with the magazine in the end.

To-day, most of them are sadly disillusioned. Some, persuaded to invest money to secure a job, soon found that the payment of salary and expenses lapsed into small payments on account.

Others, attracted by advertisements holding out the hope of what were described as "semi-permanent" posts in Empire Propaganda work, at home and abroad, had similar experiences.

One woman, who has been in touch with me, was told that if she could provide a car she could easily earn £300 or £400 a year. The work, after thinly-veiled preliminaries, boiled down to touting for advertisements.

Her mother bought a car for her, but far from reaching the promised income, she had the greatest difficulty in securing payment for petrol she used!

Exhibition Scheme

Though sooner or later almost everyone came to selling advertisement space, there was a time when the food storage campaign seemed all important.

Briefly, the idea was to persuade people to buy from their retailers parcels of food which could be kept for a stated time and then replenished at intervals.

The short-lived enthusiasm for this scheme arose because Mr. Webb imagined that proprietors of branded foods and retailers would subscribe liberally to the funds of the Movement.

I am not surprised that, after enquiry, they were not at all impressed.

The A.R.P. drive, also on paper, did not take long to blow away.

Home Office pamphlets, which anyone can obtain, were distributed with the rubber stamp imprint of The Empire Movement.

Behind all this hand-to-mouth work, a great deal was made of the claim that the Movement was organising a Conference of British Industries from May to October this year.

It was to be held at Glasgow during the British Empire Exhibition.

Early in the year this conference idea was used extensively in canvassing advertisements from hotel keepers.

But the conference has not been held.

The approaches made to hotel proprietors and managers seem very subtle.

"Whatever you do," reads one instruction to canvassers, "do not allow the proprietor of the hotel to understand on the telephone that you wish to do anything else but inspect his hotel for the sake of information."

Other blooms along the path to the advertisement proposition include talk about the Movement's "free registry of hotels . . . conducted tours . . . the good connection of the Movement (here the list of unsuspecting patrons is flourished) . . . our Travel Bureau."

One-Room Office

All this kind of thing, mind you, is being done by an organisation which printed a programme of the arrangements for the visit of the King and Queen to Glasgow to open the Empire Exhibition.

This was called "The Empire Movement Official Programme," and on the front page was a large picture of the King and Queen and the two Princesses. It was sold for twopence.

When John Samuel Webb recently moved his ridiculous concern from British Industries House to Wellington House, Strand, London, he occupied a suite of six offices.

A few weeks ago he vacated this suite and he is now housed in a single-room office in the same building.

It is time that anyone in a public position whose name has been associated with this Movement, with or without his sanction, should take steps to end it.

She's Robbing . . .

PRETENDING to be a devout Christian Scientist, Maude Gregg, using various names, is hoodwinking people up and down the country.

She is forty, slim, pallid, and looks anything but the hardened criminal she has been for many years.

Religion is her latest cloak.

Elderly persons are her favourite victims, and some of them have been robbed of their life savings.

A little while ago she met an oldish man at a religious meeting in London and explained how her sole interest was Christian Science.

She had obviously studied the subject very carefully and the old man was interested.

Before he realised what had happened he had lent her more than £100.

As soon as she obtained the money she vanished.

He's Still Waiting . . .

SOME weeks ago an Army lorry crashed into the side of a cottage at Cuckfield, Sussex.

A hole was torn in the wall, making it impossible for any of the rooms on that side to be used.

To-day the owner, Mr. Frank Webber, a local councillor, is still waiting to know what the military authorities intend to do about it!

First he wrote to the Officer Commanding Royal Army Ordnance Corps, London, whence the lorry had come.

That was the day the accident happened, and Mr. Webber asked that an inspection of the damage should be made at once so that repairs could be started.

A week went by without even the courtesy of an acknowledgment. So he wrote again. Another week passed.

Then he wrote to the War Office. One more week went by, but this time there was a reply stating the matter had been referred to General Officer Commanding London District.

* * *

After that, a fortnight's silence, and another letter shared the same fate.

Exasperated, Mr. Webber placed the affair in the hands of his solicitors, who communicated with the G.O.C. London District.

They did receive a reply—but merely to say the matter had been referred to the War Office!

Meanwhile, the owner of the cottage has put in hand the repairs, estimated to cost £80.

...but in Britain it's Afrikander

Also Flake or Shag

BRITAIN'S BIGGEST SELLING PIPE MIXTURE

Here's a true story BELIEVE IT OR NOT

I KNOW a man who is Manager of the Radio and Gramophone Department of a big store. They are not Murphy Dealers. This is what he said to me: "I darned nearly walked into ———— the other day and bought one of your £35 Consoles. That's the set I'd have above all others." "Well, why didn't you?" I asked him. He laughed. "Why didn't I? I'd like to see my boss's face when he heard I'd bought a Murphy Set from a competitor at full list price!!"

He also said other things that I should like to repeat. "Of course you Murphy people have always got the goods so far as reproduction is concerned, but I doubt whether most of the public know it or even care. Most of 'em seem to fall for the latest gadget." Is he right?

E. J. POWER, *Managing Director.*

'48' ALL WAVE MAINS SUPERHET
Extraordinarily high standard of reproduction. Alphabetical tuning scale, with 2-speed control, has over 50 long and medium-wave stations as well as short-wave stations. The cabinet is in French Walnut and Black Walnut.
D.C./A.C. Model £12.5
A.C. Model £12
OTHER MURPHY MODELS FROM £7 TO £85

HIRE PURCHASE TERMS AVAILABLE ON ALL MURPHY SETS

EVERY MURPHY SET HAS A HIGH EXPECTATION OF LIFE

All Murphy sets, exclusive of valves and batteries, guaranteed for a year. Prices do not apply in Eire

MURPHY RADIO LTD., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS.
C.R.C. 838

Sir Wyndham Childs Exposes—

CROOKS of the CRISIS

BOGUS Government Inspectors, A.R.P. wardens and "nurses" have all been cashing in on the Crisis.

They pretend to hold important positions with the Home Office, War Office, or Office of Works, and obtain money and credit by telling plausible stories.

* * *

At Chesterfield an impostor who called himself Alfred Scott, and said he was a "dynamo erector," visited a small hotel and asked for rooms.

He was engaged in the construction of dynamos and pylons for the Government and would be in the district at least three months.

He hinted that, after preliminary arrangements had been made, a large number of men would be employed, and that rooms would be needed for his assistants.

After praising the accommodation, he asked to be allowed to write some letters. Then he left to fetch his luggage from the station.

When Scott failed to return, it was discovered that he had ransacked several rooms. His haul included £16 in notes.

* * *

Scott is only one of many rogues who are robbing people in this way.

For several weeks police have been seeking a man who, posing as an official of the Office of Works, has been visiting houses "for inspection purposes."

He says that the Office of Works is making a census of accommodation that can be used as billets for soldiers or as temporary offices.

Somehow he contrives to be left alone for a moment, and then disappears with everything on which he can lay his hands.

There are several warrants for his arrest.

Some of the names he has used are Saunders, Meade, Hill and Webber.

* * *

Major G. A. Spong, A.R.P. Officer for Lewisham, London, S.E., asks me to issue a special warning against the operations of bogus A.R.P. wardens.

Sir Wyndham Childs

He has received many complaints from women in his area who have been duped by men posing as A.R.P. officials.

They have called at houses, given A.R.P. instructions, and then asked for sums ranging from 5s. to a guinea for gas-mask fitting.

The gas-masks they promised to deliver have never arrived.

Don't be deceived by this sort of thing. All genuine A.R.P. wardens carry a blue warrant card, signed by the Town Clerk, and wear silver badges.

* * *

Hundreds of pounds have also been collected by house-to-house canvassers who offer fire-extinguishers, first-aid appliances, and all kinds of medical supplies.

Payment with order is demanded, but the goods will never be delivered.

* * *

Nurses and other women who say they represent the Nurses Trading Company, of Romford (Essex) and Newington Causeway, London, are also conducting a door-to-door campaign urging orders for medical goods.

Behind this particular organisation is the notorious Henry Dunsford, who, in a variety of guises, has been living by his wits for twenty years.

He has been advertising for people to invest sums of £200 in his new trading company, and I know of at least one case where an investor is already wondering whether she can get her money back.

* * *

So, view with suspicion any "Crisis" proposition which is put before you. If you have the least doubt, WRITE TO ME ABOUT IT. I will gladly give you advice by return of post.

Beware of Mr. Davis

SMALL businesses at attractive prices are offered by Martin Davis, of Victoria Street, London, S.W.

The wife of a professional man in a Yorkshire city began negotiations with him and offered to buy a business.

She paid a deposit of £30 by cheque—which was passed through Davis's account.

Subsequently he advised the woman that the vendor had withdrawn the proposition from the market.

Naturally, she asked for the return of her deposit.

Instead, all she has received are excuses. The latest is that Martin Davis has been ill and "business is bad."

Business certainly is bad for the woman who has lost £30. And advertisements of businesses for sale are still appearing under the name of Martin Davis!

Public Benefactor

This week is Mrs. Innes, of 6, Taylors Avenue, Smethwick, who receives £1 is. for helping me to curb the activities of a plausible woman impostor.

SHAM HERO'S EXPLOITS

Led "Suicide Squad" in Spanish War

MILITARY impostors were quick to take advantage of honest people's fears during the past anxious days.

Let me introduce to you one of the most unscrupulous of them—"Captain Clifford James Wattis."

He comes from a respectable Redditch family, and he certainly was a soldier.

That was during the Great War when he served in an infantry regiment and, later, as a pilot in the Royal Air Force.

Up to the time he was demobilised there was nothing but admiration for his services.

But, since then, Wattis has pursued a most chequered career, and has been in jail time and again.

What has he been up to lately?

Well, certain London and provincial papers have, during the past few months, given Captain Wattis—quite unintentionally, I know—some very valuable publicity.

He has been depicted as a soldier of fearless courage, and as a hero of the Spanish war.

Believing his claims, many people are much the poorer financially and are now going to the police with stories of their disillusion.

In some cases he has left souvenirs behind—dishonoured cheques.

"Captain Wattis"

According to some of the statements he has made, Captain Wattis was one of the first English volunteers for service with the Spanish Government forces.

He is supposed to have fought in all the major actions that have taken place during the past two years.

As a reward he was given a commission by General Jose Miaja.

In battles at Tevnel, Belchite and Calceite his brigade lost 10,418 men. Singlehanded, he captured 152 insurgents as they tried to hide in three Belchite houses.

He declares that his right leg, from ankle to hipbone, is marked by fifty-three bullet and shrapnel scars.

He has also "been mentioned seven times in Spanish despatches."

Apparently, he decided to quit, because "I could no longer accept the responsibility of taking my men into action."

"There were only 192 of us facing the 'Black Arrows.' We had our backs to the River Ebro, holding them off. . . . Then, without warning, the bridge went up. And our own Spaniards did it!

"We went back . . . crossed the Ebro in a few small boats. When we caught up with the main army again I gave up my command.

"It was just a suicide squad."

A very highly coloured story!

He was a car sales manager in Birmingham just before he went out to Spain.

Just previously, he had married a young woman who, shortly after the wedding, received a cryptic note from him in London saying that he was on his way to Spain!

The disillusioned woman reverted to the use of her maiden name and got a job.

Let me reveal his true history.

He left his first wife and infant child after only a year of marriage, and in March, 1932, contracted a bigamous marriage with a woman named Francis Beryl Duffield.

Wattis posed to this woman as a single man, and on the marriage certificate falsely described his father as being "Commissioner of Police."

He had apparently forgotten that his father was really a labourer living at Redditch.

In December, 1932, he stood in the dock at Birmingham Assizes, charged with bigamy. Mr. Justice Humphreys sentenced him to nine months' imprisonment.

At Uttoxeter, in December, 1934, he was again sentenced to six months for obtaining various sums of money by false pretences through bogus offers of employment.

A year later, at Derby, he was sent to jail once more for obtaining credit by fraud.

Police records describe him as a "very plausible and unscrupulous individual and a persistent liar."

Holiday Camp Fiasco

EDWARD ALFRED LOUIS JOHNSTON, of North Street, Isleworth, Middlesex, seems to have lost an entire holiday camp somewhere near Southend-on-Sea.

His name also goes the same way at times because, when it suits him, he calls himself Captain or Major Walters.

What he ought to call himself is a magician.

He issued a gold-edged invitation-card telling people what a lovely time they would have if they spent a day looking over his "Empire" Holiday Camp at "Lhassa," Lower Road, Hockley, near Southend-on-Sea.

But there isn't any camp!

What the visitors were supposed to see were "tents, cabins, chalets, and tent-pitches, etc." Other attractions were "meals, refreshments, all amusements, trips, games, sports, comforts, ad lib. amenities are offered for your delight. Sun, health, happiness, an ideal perfect holiday."

What my investigator found when he went there was just an open space with a small cottage named "Lhassa." A gipsy family lives there.

Early last year there were some huts in a meadow near the cottage, but they were inhabited by chickens.

In the registry of business names, Johnston's address, as proprietor of The Empire Holiday Camps, is shown as 142, Linkfield Road, Isleworth.

This is a lock-up second-hand shop, and, after a long search, my investigator found Johnston at North Street, Isleworth.

He admitted that the cabins and chalets referred to in his leaflets do not exist, and said that the whole holiday camp idea had been held up until a water supply had been laid on.

It might be as well if Mr. Johnston also held up the distribution of his alluring literature with its request for a deposit.

M. Leon Blum, French ex-Premier, whom we consulted on all vital questions

President Roosevelt, who warned Hitler

Sir Nevile Henderson, British Ambassador to Berlin, paved the way for the talks

Lord Cecil, of Peace-Ballot fame, made Mussolini climb down and stopped a war

Blessed a Peacem

IT has been the fashion, for months, to mock at George Lansbury, who, at the age of seventy-nine, was still travelling everywhere, pleading, and urging the cause of Peace.

"Cavorting around Europe," one Tory paper called it. Actually, he was doing his utmost, before the hour of doom struck, seeing the heads of all the European States, begging them to find a point of contact.

Giving up the leadership of the Labour Party, in 1935, "G. L." determined to give the rest of his time to peace. So, in two years, he travelled 50,000 miles!

He visited Roosevelt. He saw both Hitler and Mussolini, in spite of the sneers. He called on King Carol, Admiral Horthy, Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, and Cabinet Ministers of all the Scandinavian and many other countries.

Then, six or seven weeks ago, he went to Sofia, Belgrade, Bucharest and Budapest.

Appeal to Sanity

When the Czech crisis reached its height, he cabled Roosevelt, asking him to intervene.

Then he invited European statesmen to a conference. "Unless they are all mad," he insisted, "they must, before it is too late, come together and find a way out."

That, at last, is being done. Who laughs at Lansbury now? But it must not be just a temporary agreement over Czechoslovakia, but a settlement of all the problems of the minorities everywhere, and a pooling of the world's resources.

Without that, problem will follow problem until the end of Time.

Now is not the hour for blame, or for criticism, or even for regrets. So glorious is the promise that we must seek perfect unity.

When the blackest hour came, even Mussolini turned into a mediator!

Neville Chamberlain, acclaimed by the world, flew to Germany a third time, carrying with him the hopes, the good-will and the blessing of every person in the world who saw that, in reality, there was nothing worth fighting over—every human being who saw that the issues could be settled without war, if only Reason reigned.

To such a plight had things drifted that our Prime Minister was actually opening a debate in which words might have been spoken that ended all things, when in the most dramatic moment in mankind's history a message arrived that seemed to change Destiny.

It had come to 10, Downing Street, from Hitler himself!

Lord Dunglass, who is Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Premier, brought it into the House.

Because Chamberlain was speaking, Simon read it.

He tugged at the Prime Minister's coat-tails to stop him, then handed him the note.

"Herr Hitler invites me to meet him at Munich to-morrow morning!" said a statesman whose tone, a moment before, had been so grave that the House feared the end had come.

"I will go back to Germany a third time, if need be," Neville had told the world the night before. Hitler had listened!

Can you wonder that even Lord Baldwin, who was in the Peers' Gallery, joined in the cheers; that Queen Mary, who was listening, shed tears; that even Ambassadors stood up and applauded?

Party differences disappeared. The whole House surrendered unto joy.

There was still hope for a world on the very edge of the abyss!

Now, while the Hush is stilling our passions, while the nations yet hope, we should go back and pay a tribute to those who, through the years, did not despair, those who, although they feared disaster, still helped to avert it.

Although Ramsay MacDonald was not responsible for Germany's entrance into the League of Nations—actually, Austen Chamberlain did this—he paved the way for it after long negotiations with Herriot, then Premier of France.

History may criticise Ramsay's conduct as Premier. It may say he had no policy, that he was weak.

As Foreign Minister, however, during his first Government, he laboured long and earnestly to find a way to settlement.

Then, during the second Labour Government, Arthur Henderson showed how problems like that of the Sudetens could be made to disappear.

Worn Out

He solved the minority problem between Poland and Germany. He travelled. He argued. He consoled.

The nations, in recognition of his settlements over minorities, unanimously chose him as President of the Disarmament Conference, although he no longer held any official position and in spite of our Government's anger.

Henderson's peace work went on until he died, worn out, working for a settlement that would endure.

When, at his funeral, I stood over his grave, I feared that, with his mortal remains, hopes of Peace were being buried.

Then, ranking with MacDonald and Henderson, because of years of constant labour, will appear Viscount Cecil's name.

Woodrow Wilson and General Smuts, who primarily were responsible for the League of Nations idea, were followed in work for the Covenant by Lord Cecil, a peacemaker right from the start.

Largely, the framing of the Covenant was Cecil's work.

Still, I once heard him say that much with which he had been credited was the idea of Philip Noel-Baker, now Labour M.P. for Derby, who was with him at Versailles, and who, years later, served, unrewarded, at Geneva as Henderson's aide-de-camp and unpaid secretary.

He Kept Faith

Both Henderson and Cecil were awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

Both won, for all time, the respect of every right-thinking person on earth.

Even in the dark hours, Cecil never lost his faith.

As a Cabinet Minister, he settled the Greco-Bulgarian frontier crisis. When Mussolini seized Corfu, a Greek island, he used collective security, made the Duce climb down, and so averted war.

Baldwin, who had made a weak protest himself, said later that, if it had not been for the strength displayed by Lord Cecil and his League colleagues, "a resort to arms would almost certainly have taken place."

Cecil left the Government because of its recalcitrant attitude to Naval Disarmament. Afterwards, he continued, outside, his work for world unity.

Then, who can forget Nansen, the great explorer, who slaved for the hundreds of thousands of people who had no passports, people without a country?

He and Noel-Baker were responsible for the fact that there is now peace in nearly 3,000 towns and villages scattered across Greece, occupied solely by the mixed warring races of the old Balkan States.

Last year 3,000,000 people of mixed races were living happily, in these towns and villages, with no minority problem of any kind!

They have Nansen to thank, and Philip Noel-Baker. Minority problems are not insoluble, you see.

I wonder what place History will give to Franklin Roosevelt, yes, and to Cordell Hull, his Secretary of State?

Cordell Hull, during the last few months, made speech after speech that seemed to pave a way to settlement, and then for weeks, through his Ambassadors in London and Paris, he "sat in" when the democracies met.

Then, in the gravest hour of peril, came Roosevelt's challenging pleas to the German Chancellor himself. These warnings must have sunk into Hitler's mind. They would have been repeated had they failed. Right to the last hour, the American President, idealist and Man, would have worked on.

We must not forget here Joseph Kennedy's work at the American Embassy in London.

He came here only recently, and, in a few weeks, chiefly because he was "a family man," endeared himself to the British people.

Before long, his relations with our Government were as intimate as were those of Walter Hines Page, his predecessor, during the Great War.

Day after day, he was at the Foreign Office. Time after time, he went to Downing Street.

Once, his intimates assure me, he felt we had let him down, that we were betraying Democracy, after all.

Even then, he did not despair. He cabled to Franklin Roosevelt, urging

M. Edouard Daladier, French Premier, pledged himself to follow Britain's lead

Mr. Cordell Hull, U.S. Secretary of State, made big efforts to calm Europe

President Benes, football idol who became the unfailing champion of reason

Lord Runciman, our mediator in Czechoslovakia, was surrounded by suspicion

... are the ...makers

him to make an appeal, and then another.

It was the President's second plea, when the first had failed, that made such a momentous change.

Then there is Lord Runciman, son of a shipping millionaire, who went to Prague early in August to try to get the Czechs and the Sudeten Germans to agree.

Pessimism

Suspicion was all around him. Pessimism reigned.

He joked about himself as "an insular traveller," but, time after time, went from one side to the other.

We may think he failed. That we cannot tell. Everyone who poured oil on troubled waters had a share in bringing about the calm.

Leon Blum played his part. No longer Prime Minister of France, but still Socialist leader and editor of "Le Populaire," he was consulted on all vital questions.

The British Ambassador in France maintained contact with him. Blum may have criticised Neville Chamberlain earlier, but when first he flew to see Hitler, he called it "noble audacity."

All our Ambassadors had weeks and weeks of strain. Lord Perth, in charge of the Embassy at Rome, played a leading part in inspiring and bringing force to the British peace moves of the last few weeks.

As Sir Eric Drummond, he had built up the League's secretariat, beginning with three rooms in Piccadilly. All this had trained him. Geneva had shown the way.

Actually, it was through him that our last-minute peace feeler got to Hitler through Mussolini.

But there are others. . . .

When the war clouds seemed to blacken out the sun there were in Britain millions and millions of people who thought back to the time when they had all, as individuals, done their best.

The Peace Ballot failed, for the Government ignored it.

Still, it was the best-organised work for peace which had ever been accomplished by unknown people since the world began.

No fewer than 500,000 voluntary workers were engaged on the Ballot—mayors and councillors all over the land; doctors, teachers, trade union officials, obscure people belonging to every trade and every craft.

For weeks these laboured, arranging lists of names, delivering cards, collecting them. . . .

Then no fewer than 11,627,765 voted.

Of these, 11,157,040 said, "Keep Britain in the League of Nations." Nearly as many—10,533,826—championed an all-round reduction in arms.

When asked, "Are you in favour of the abolition of military and naval aircraft?" no fewer than 9,592,573 said "Yes," while 10,480,002 demanded that "Profit in Arms should be ended," and 10,088,312 voted that the nations should combine to stop an aggressor by economic and non-military methods.

Only Way

Now, all those unknown peacemakers—and all the supporters of the League of Nations Union—must start again. What they voted for three years ago is still the only way out, and the pooling of resources, which the Labour Party demands.

What the great people of the world rejected the small people believed in. Most of them, I am certain, believe in it still.

Now they have a chance of insisting on a general settlement. The Government, if it hated the idea in 1932, must see that what used to be called the League of Nations must be reassembled under some name or other.

"Power politics," the old pre-war insanity, have again led us so near to war that, a few days ago, most people expected it every hour.

I did not. I could not imagine that Hitler, who, whatever we may think of him, had a record of achievement behind him, would throw it all away and risk the work of years in a challenge to almost all the rest of the world.

Shamed by the supreme courage of poor little Czechoslovakia, the democracies stood firm, late, but in time.

So, seeing Britain, France and Russia united, and knowing where the United States would stand, Hitler, in spite of his boasting, hesitated to cast the die.

Mussolini, whose mind was made up, altered it. He feared the consequences of his own braggart speeches.

Use Good Will

Then, back to Germany went Neville Chamberlain, with Daladier and the Duce. This time, to a meeting which should be the prelude of many at which all the nations will "sit in."

There is more good-will among Europe's statesmen than people think. And it can be used.

Edouard Benes has been denounced by Hitler in bitter words.

The truth is that Lord Cecil, who has met all the peace workers in all the European countries, regards him as the greatest to be found among any of the smaller nations.

Benes, to-day, should be enshrined in all our hearts as a hero, a martyr. . . .

He did so much for peace that, to save the world, he made the supreme sacrifice—the interests of his own country which, with President Masaryk, its prophet and founder, he had built up into what was the beginnings of a model state.

He was throwing away his life work—so that you and I, and millions like us in every country, should not die.

Did you hear, on the air, the new concessions his Government offered? To the Czechs, they were humiliating.

A brave people were so brave that, to preserve "Civilisation," they sacrificed themselves.

The Archbishop of Canterbury was reciting prayers on the air that night. Actually, we were all asking God to prevent the consequences of man's own stupid actions.

We sang, once again, "Sufficient is Thine arm alone," while people in terror were fitting on gas masks and digging trenches.

Then we heard, in cool tones, a B.B.C. announcer explain our Government's proposals about evacuating London, how the school children were to be taken away, how homes were to be found for them outside London.

In that moment of panic, we heard of heroic Czechoslovakia's self-abnegation. It had taken "the advice of Britain and France," and was sacrificing itself. It had received from the heads of so many States, led by Roosevelt, so many telegraphed appeals, that it had given in.

"At this critical juncture," it said, "the Czech Government is placing the interests of civilisation and world peace before the distress of its own people, and is resolved to make sacrifices which never in history were exacted from an undefeated State."

To save you and me from the consequences of years and years of blundering, Dr. Benes, the idol of his country, had given counsel to his fellow-Czechs that they would have taken from no other man.

No, arbitration was not used. "Power politics" decided. . . .

I must tell you a little about Dr. Benes, for he, of all the statesmen of Europe, is most entitled to praise.

Small, alert and wiry, once the idol of the football fans of Czechoslovakia, Benes came to London, for the first time, thirty-two years ago.

He had a small scholarship and lived cheaply in a boarding-house near Waterloo Bridge. He learned to understand us. We must now understand him and champion his plan to have the principle of universal and compulsory arbitration embodied in international law.

The Harvest

When the Czech problem is solved, the others must be faced. This should not be the end, but a great beginning.

Perhaps the world needed this terrible threat. It had failed to profit by the lessons of the Great War.

It had sown a harvest of Revenge which it had to reap. It had ignored the peacemakers, the ones in high places and those in the small back streets. It had to have another great warning.

Now the world has had that warning. In its fear, it turned to what it had scorned.

Well, that which the builders rejected may yet become the keystone of the corner—but only if you and I, and all the rest of us, believe in Peace, work for it, insist on it, not as a passing thing sought in despair, but as a means of bringing about the salvation of mankind.

He Talked Too Much

● *A hardened crook, the mysterious killer was nicknamed "The Poker Burglar"*

MASTERPIECES OF DETECTION
by
Louis C. S. Mansfield
Famous Private Detective

THE Police Surgeon had just risen to his feet when Chief Inspector Gough of Scotland Yard stepped into the bedroom at Winkfield Lodge, Wimbledon Common.

"Well," said the surgeon as he looked at the still form beside the couch, "Captain Tighe isn't dead—yet! I'd say he hasn't more than a few hours to live!

"Judging from the position of the wounds in his head, I'd say he must have been sitting here when he was attacked from behind with that poker!"

He nodded in the direction of a heavy iron bar which stood propped against the bottom end of the couch.

"I should say it was a man who committed the crime. No woman could have struck those blows!

"That's about all I can tell you for the moment. I've got to get him to hospital as quickly as possible."

He signalled to the waiting attendants, helped them to put the unfortunate Tighe on a stretcher and followed them out to the ambulance.

Gough started to examine the room thoroughly, but after a long and tedious search he had to admit that the attacker had not left a single clue.

Even the poker seemed useless as a clue. It was an exact match of another which lay in the grate and, therefore, presumably belonged to the house.

He turned to his Detective-Sergeant.

"I think we had better have a chat with the maid who found Tighe," he said.

WHEN they found the girl, Gough spoke to her kindly.

"Now that you're more composed, Annie," he said, "I want you to tell me again just how you came to find the Captain.

"But this time start at the beginning and tell me everything you can recall!"

"Well, sir," answered the girl, "when I came down to open up the house and make the early morning tea, I found one of the windows in the study partly open.

"Then, while I had the kettle on, I discovered the servants' door was unbolted.

"It was closed, though, so I didn't think much of it at the time.

"But when I went to take the master's tea up to his room I couldn't get an answer.

"I thought he must have been oversleeping, so I went in and opened the curtains.

"Just as I was doing that I heard a groan and saw the Captain lying on the floor beside his bed!"

"What did you do then?"

"I rushed over to him. I could see he was terribly hurt. So I called the Mistress straight away. It was she who told me to telephone for a doctor and for the police."

Before asking any further questions, Gough turned to his assistant: "Take a couple of fingerprint men and check the servants' door and study for prints!" he ordered.

"Search the ground outside the window for signs of footprints, and examine the sill thoroughly to see if anyone has climbed over it!"

Then he turned back to the girl: "Have you ever seen this before?" he asked, holding out the bloodstained poker.

"YES, sir!" Annie answered promptly. "It belongs to the set in one of the other bedrooms. I couldn't help noticing it in the master's room this morning. And I wondered how on earth it got there.

"I'm certain it wasn't there when I took the covers off the bed and lit the fire last night."

"I see," said Gough thoughtfully. "Well, there's just one other point! Do you know if Captain Tighe is in the habit of getting out of bed to sit up during the night?"

"Oh, he often does that, sir! He suffers from asthma and often has to get up for an hour or two to relieve his chest!"

Gough set four detectives checking up on the study. There was no doubt how the attacker had got into the house.

Boot-nail marks on the window sill and the mass of footprints in the soft mould outside were sufficient proof of *that*.

Only one discovery offered Gough the slightest chance of "breaking" the case—the midnight attacker had stolen two cheap gun-metal watches and a pantry-boy's mackintosh.

Not one of these articles was worth selling.

So it was more than likely the man would either throw them away or else keep them hidden.

Gough knew that no criminal would risk his freedom or his neck for the two or three shillings they would bring.

Then, a few hours later, the Police Surgeon telephoned that Captain Tighe had died. Now it was a murder case.

* * *

Early next day Gough sat in his office going over the reports. As he read, his mind kept coming back to one conjecture.

The killer was obviously an expert burglar, since he had left no fingerprints.

What was more, he was probably an ex-convict with a long string of convictions since he had armed himself with a poker to knock out anyone who challenged him. He dare not be recognised.

That conjecture gave Chief Inspector Gough an idea.

HE picked up the telephone and contacted the Chief Records Officer at Scotland Yard.

"Have you got anything on a burglar who carries a poker with him?" he asked.

"One who picks up the poker in one room, carries it about the house, and leaves it in another?

"Whilst you're looking, you might have a look at the section on 'Burglary: Entry by means of side window—No finger-prints left.'

"I want the name of every crook who makes an entry in that way."

Ten minutes later the records chief called him back:

"This sounds like the fellow you want. He's nicknamed 'Poker Burglar' because he has a habit of taking a poker from one room to another when he's doing a job.

"He never leaves a finger-print. And he always lets himself out of the house by the servants' entrance!"

"That sounds like the fellow," exclaimed Gough. "What's his name?"

"No one knows! He's a new operator—probably an old crook with a new technique. He's committed a number of burglaries in the vicinity of Captain Tighe's home in the past few months.

"And the only thing we know about him is that he tried to dispose of some stolen jewellery to a dealer in the West End of London."

Gough made a note on a pad, called his men and set off to interview the dealer.

But he didn't get much help.

"I remember the fellow quite clearly," the dealer admitted, "and I'd recognise him if ever I saw him again.

"But I don't know who he is or what he is, or even where he lives.

(Continued on page 24)

Greatest of These

MR. J. ORMONDE, of Hulme, Manchester, who is fifty-eight, served in the South African war and the Great War.

He has no pension, and his sole income is unemployment benefit.

Arrears of rent and small debts to tradesmen are the great trouble, while all members of the family are desperately in need of shoes and clothing.

Readers are asked to help this unfortunate family.

Donations should be earmarked "Two Campaigns," and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

There are no deductions from donations to our Fund, all administration expenses being borne by JOHN BULL.

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The ease with which Mansion Polish imparts a brilliant and lasting polish to Floors and Furniture saves endless trouble. And 'Mansion' also ensures a healthier home because its antiseptic properties destroy dust germs.

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M.P.JW.37.

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to keep out the cold..

Ginger! Everyone's calling for Ginger! Ginger to keep you warm. Ginger to keep you glowing. That's why STONE'S *Original* Ginger Wine is still the favourite drink. For 200 years it has built up resistance and warded off colds. Always have a bottle handy.

STONE'S Ginger WINE

2/9

FAMOUS SINCE THE YEAR 1740

History is made at night

HER WASHING DONE IN RECORD TIME THE NIGHT BEFORE SHE STARTED IT

NO MORE DREAD OF WASHING DAY, now Bourn-vita prepares her THE NIGHT BEFORE—gives her extra energy. Bourn-vita will do the same for YOU.

THE NIGHT IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE DAY. And when Bourn-vita looks after the night, the day will look after itself.

'She must have had help' thought tired neighbours. But it was the 'deep sleep secret' that made her work more effective—brought abundant energy

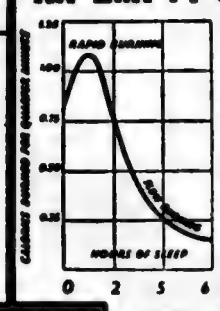
She didn't really *like* washing any more than the next door neighbours. But since it had to be done she believed in preparing to meet it. For *she* knew the secret of success—that the amount of your energy, your cheerfulness and optimism, all depend on sound, restoring sleep. Not *length* of sleep, but *scientifically sound* sleep is what matters. That's the sleep Bourn-vita gives you—soothing jaded nerves, building up new vigour in mind and body, and giving you power to resist the ills and chills of winter.

SHE'S A BOURN-VITA WINTER-PROOFED GIRL. She laughs at the thought of coughs and colds. So would YOU if you took Bourn-vita every night.

9P PER ½ LB.

1/5 PER ½ LB.

DON'T GO TO BED ON AN EMPTY STOMACH



GRAPH showing course of energy consumption during sleep

The body actually needs more energy during the first hour of sleep than in ordinary waking hours, although it quickly relaxes. When your stomach is empty less energy is available, and sound sleep is therefore slow in coming. Experiments have shown that Bourn-vita is a ready source of the quick energy your body needs, while actually soothing digestion and bringing deep refreshing sleep the whole night through.

BOURN-VITA *to night*
makes to morrow just right

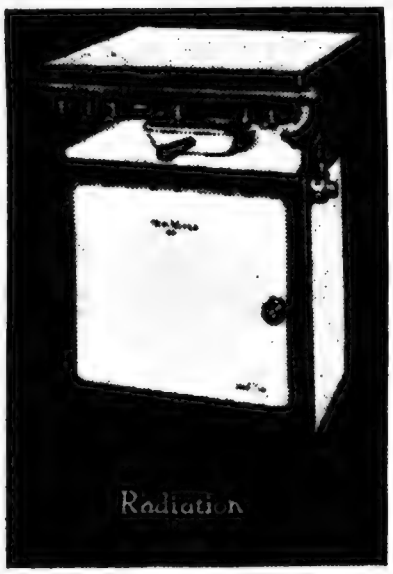
MADE BY CADBURYS

Are you at the end of your tether?

Are you at the end of your tether? Do you whip yourself into a frenzy over your cooking? Are you compelled to spend precious time in the kitchen? anxiously changing over from one heat level to another—*hoping* for the best? If so, Mr. Therm and his flexible flame can end all that!

For with the wonderful *new* "New World" 45 and 48 Gas Cookers, gentle simmering or rapid boiling—and an infinite variety of cooking temperatures between the two—are yours for the asking. Nor is that all! There is the famous "Regulo," too! No matter what you desire to cook in the oven, there is a "Regulo" number to take complete control.

Stop worrying and fretting about the cooking. Claim your freedom! See the "New World" Cookers at the Gas showrooms. But do it to-day!



1. POWER BURNERS to give more concentrated heat. Super fast one, boils 1-pint kettle in 125 seconds. Self-lighting hotplate burners with Radiation patent non-lighting back feature.
2. STAY-CLEAN HOTPLATE spotless with a wipe. Non-spill support for the smallest pans.
3. SINGLE OVEN BURNER at back lighted from the front. Porcelain-enamelled oven to come clean at a wipe.
4. TABLE TOP—Finish cooking, shut the lid, and there you are, all enclosed, streamlined, and dust-proof with an extra table for dishing-up!
5. SUPER GRILL at toasting heat in 60 seconds from cold. Large effective working area for uniform toasting and grilling.
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Cook by Gas and set your hands free

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Please send your free Recipe Book (½d. stamp only if envelope is unsealed).

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SEE THEM AT YOUR GAS SHOWROOMS

She tried cutting down expenses by making her own clothes
planning the next Summer holidays
but it was no good
until she learned that
GOOD TEMPER STARTS IN THE STOMACH
Just you try PAN YAN!

It's a fact that bad temper is often caused by the digestion being overworked. Serve Pan Yan with every meal and you'll soon get rid of moodiness. Pan Yan is made from delicious spices specially blended to stimulate the digestive organs and improve temper. 10½d. and 3½d. per jar.

4548

KEEP FIT... RULE No.
Good wholesome home-made food
Try this delicious
DUNDEE PUDDING
8 oz. each of flour, butter, sugar & sponge cake crumbs, ½ lb. stoned raisins.
1½ teaspoons BORWICK'S, 2 oz. ground almonds, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, milk to mix, salt, 2 apples.
Beat flour and sugar to a cream. Mix crumbs, flour, Baking Powder together. Beat flour and eggs alternately into butter and sugar. Chop raisins, shred apples. Mix all together, using a little milk if necessary. Butter a mould, decorate with glace cherries. Pour in mixture. Steam for 3 hours.
BORWICK'S
BAKING POWDER
The Best in The World.

Not from the B.B.C.

Haughty Heston

To become a 'bus conductor
As a youngster I aspired,
When punching tickets, grabbing fares,
And running up and down the stairs
Seemed work to be desired.

But Fate decided otherwise,
And oft my stars I thank!
For if I'd been a 'busman I'd,
Of course, have had to put aside
All hope of mayoral rank!

BUT Councillor A. J. Fielder, of Heston and Isleworth Borough Council, a 'bus conductor by occupation and a civic worker for fifteen years, refuses lightly to surrender his claim to the mayoral rabbit skins and comic hat.

Backed by 200 'busmen, who are contributing 3d. a week each to his fighting fund, Comrade Fielder has launched an anti-snobbery campaign, and candidates are to be run at the municipal elections.

The policy of the new party has not yet been made public.

So whether it will be wise to make the wearing of an old school tie a punishable offence remains to be seen.

But it might, for a start, set out to abolish esquires, prohibit the planting of family trees in jumped-up areas, and decree that any tick who speaks of his missus as "my memsahib" shall be proclaimed a thistle within the meaning of the Noxious Weeds Act.

But this would only touch the fringe of the problem. For there are still the county snobs who wish to know if you are one of the Hampshire Jorkinses, and the literary snobs who discourse on the "significance" of Snoshkov when you are yearning to finish your thriller and find out who was the dirty dog who planted the severed head in the Bishop's waste-paper basket.

There are also the foreign language snobs who, having spent a week-end at Bordeaux, greet you as "Mon cher," and the snobs who, having spent the week-end with the second cousin of an earl twice removed, refuse to greet you at all.

These are all familiar types. But the very worst snobs, Brother Fielder assures us, are "the petty suburban snobs who live on the new housing estates."

At a time when there is little to distinguish the peerage from the steerage, the aristocracy of Suburbia seems resolved to live up to its coat of arms of an aspidistra rampant, with the motto "Snoblesse oblige."

No longer is Belgrav-yah
As stiff in its behav-yah
As once upon a time it used to be;
And after Mayfair balls,
Dancers raid the coffee stalls
And freely mix with cads like you and me:

But social rank in Heston
Is not a thing to jest on,
For class distinctions there are crystal clear,
And an elevated nose
Will infallibly disclose
A member of the caste of Vere de Vere!

Y. Z.

He Talked Too Much

"He's a respectable-looking young fellow of about twenty-seven or twenty-eight. Rather foreign in appearance. He's got dark hair and a sallow complexion."

Finally Gough took out his card and handed it over.

"Look!" he said. "If you ever see that man again—no matter where or when—get hold of the nearest policeman, give him this card and tell him to make an arrest!

"I'll take the responsibility! Tell the constable you see that I want that man on a charge of murder!"

Gough knew he was backing a forlorn hope. The jeweller was the only man who had ever seen the unknown man. He was the only one who could identify him. And it was quite possible that the "Poker Burglar" was not the murderer, after all. Yet, in his own mind, Gough felt sure he *was*!

There was always the chance that the jeweller might make a ghastly mistake and order the arrest of an innocent man.

If that happened, Gough realised he was going to have an unhappy time trying to explain things to the Disciplinary Board at Scotland Yard.

Still, it was his only chance. He decided to take it!

Lucky for him that he did!

A few days later, the jeweller was walking along Wardour Street when, happening to glance into a rival's shop, he saw the suspect inside.

THE jeweller entered quickly and, drawing his confrère to one side, explained things to him. However, the Wardour Street man refused to have anything to do with the proposition. Thinking it was only due to professional jealousy, he flatly refused to detain the man or to telephone the police. Even the sight of Inspector Gough's card failed to convince him.

So the jeweller left the shop, took up a convenient position and waited for the mysterious customer to leave.

He shadowed his man along Wardour Street and into Piccadilly Circus, where he persuaded a quick-witted traffic policeman to make an arrest.

The suspect was taken to Vine Street and searched, and an envelope in the name of "Gray" and bearing an address was found.

Chief Inspector Gough might have had misgivings about the wisdom of his actions, but, when "Gray's" room was investigated, he knew he had been justified.

There he found the two watches and the mackintosh missing from Winkfield Lodge, Wimbledon.

"Gray's" real name soon turned out to be Victor de Stamir, or Stomirowski.

HE was a foreigner who spoke English fluently, and had a record that was just about as bad as it could possibly be. He was first charged with theft when only thirteen years old, and had been in and out of reformatories and prisons ever since!

But it was one thing to arrest de Stamir and quite another to prove him guilty.

True to the rules of crookdom, the suspect refused to say a word, or to explain anything.

And Gough knew quite well that, unless he could prove the man was actually at the scene of the crime when the murder was committed, no judge could, or would, allow a jury to convict.

How to prove that fact?

Gough decided to see what a little psychology would do.

He recognised that de Stamir was an extraordinarily vain man—a man who loved to be in the limelight and who longed to impress people. He decided to give him plenty of opportunity.

De Stamir had been transferred to Brixton Prison, and it was often necessary for him to be brought to Wimbledon Police Station by car.

The Inspector arranged to increase the number of these trips as much as possible without exciting the man's suspicions.

HE also arranged that de Stamir was always to be accompanied by one particular uniformed constable. The policeman was to play the part of a "dumb cop."

Day after day the trips were made, and always the constable was too "dumb" to be the least bit interested in de Stamir and his crimes.

He never ventured a remark to the crook. If de Stamir tried to draw him into conversation his only reply was a grunt.

After this farce had been going on for some time, the killer could stand it no longer. His vanity was deeply wounded. He, de Stamir, to be treated like so much dirt!

So he set out to excite the "dumb cop's" attention. And he did it in the only way he could think of. He talked about the Wimbledon Common murder!

But still the constable refused to be drawn! He just wasn't interested. So, as the trips increased in number, de Stamir added more and more details.

Finally, when he could no longer put up with the "dumb cop's" indifference, he blurted out the full story of the killing!

But he tried to cover himself by laying the blame on a mythical Australian soldier who was supposed to have been with him at the time and who, he claimed, had actually struck the fatal blows.

EVEN this did not seem to excite very much attention. So he embellished his tale more and more.

Finally, the "dumb cop" became slightly interested. "How the devil do you expect me to remember all this?" he asked, seemingly exasperated.

"Why don't you write it out?"

"That's an idea," the killer assented. "I will!"

And, when they got to the police station, he did. He signed a full statement of the part he was supposed to have played in the killing!

Of course, he was hoping to escape the gallows by laying the blame on the mythical soldier.

He didn't know that, by admitting his presence at Winkfield Lodge at the time of the murder, he was "establishing identity" and was as good as confessing to the killing.

And that, under English law, he was guilty of murder simply by being there, even though someone else might have struck the blows.

But Chief-Inspector Gough did! That was what he had been banking on!

His extraordinary knowledge of criminal psychology had given him the proof he so badly needed!

It was proof that the jury thought good enough to convict de Stamir of murder, proof that was good enough to hand him over to the executioner at Wandsworth Prison in February, 1918.

Try This Teaser

P	O		L

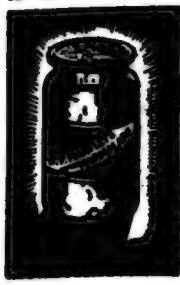
One more letter is wanted in the vacant space above to complete a word aptly answering the Clue, "It's rarely hard to see what's at the bottom of small one."

Got it? Now turn to page 36, find common-sense Answers to all the Clues for JOHN BULL'S *fascinating Crossword, post your entry by Wednesday, October 12, and your reward may well be a big success in this fine Pension, Cash and Radio Offer.*

LUXURY MARMALADE AT LOWEST PRICE FOR 20 YEARS

Breakfast appetite boon
6½d per 1 lb. jar

Be a millionaire at breakfast—and save money too! Here's one luxury that's no strain on the purse-strings—one luxury *that's gone down in price and stayed there.* Not for twenty years has there been the chance of such a bargain on your breakfast-table. And this *is* LUXURY marmalade. The best oranges that go into marmalade go into Hartley's kind. Hartley's buyers pay tip-top prices for the fruit, *and take their pick of the cream of the crop.* Hartley's is the most delicious marmalade that you can buy, and it costs just 6½d. a pound.



START THE DAY RIGHT

Breakfast's the most important meal of the day. How your husband does his job depends on his breakfast. So—BREAKFAST MUST BE RIGHT. Hartley's Marmalade makes sure of that—helps digestion of bacon and eggs, aids regularity, balances the other foods—just tops off everything to a treat. It's the millionaire's marmalade that ordinary people can afford.

APPETITE FACT . . Dieticians explain that real orange marmalade such as Hartley's make has a definite action in 'balancing' your bacon and eggs, and clearing the palate. Hartley's helps you start the day right.

★

Hartley's get the pick of the orange-crop, grading for size, testing for juice. Colour, flavour, feel—nothing escapes them.

Question—

WHICH BREAKFAST LUXURY COSTS LESS?

Answer—

HARTLEY'S MARMALADE

ONLY 6½d PER 1 LB. JAR 2 lbs. for 1/-

John's big surprise

You've been doing something to this room. What is it? I've never seen it looking so merry and bright.
Can't you see, John? Why it's the brass! I unearthed it this morning, and Brasso did the rest in no time!
You've no idea how easy it is. There's nothing like brass for making a room look gay and cosy.

BRASSO

THE QUALITY METAL POLISH

RECKITT AND SONS, HULL AND LONDON

A mother's word:—

"When my baby was born he weighed 6 lbs. and he lost weight so much he was like a skeleton. Even at 3 months old he only weighed 5 lbs. 12 ozs.; he had been as low as 4 lbs. He had very severe stomach trouble. Everything we tried seemed to make him worse. When he was 11 weeks, I tried your milk and instead of vomiting—he fell asleep—the first contented sleep he had had after a feed. Each feed seemed to soothe his little stomach. He is now six months old. He weighs 13 lbs."

MRS E.....C....., *Oldham, whose letter may be seen at Nestlé's London Office.*

"And make me a good boy"

When baby seems to be slipping backward instead of coming on, Nestlé's Milk will take him in hand when everything else has failed. Simply because it is milk in a form which a baby stomach can keep down and digest completely. The most delicate little system responds to Nestlé's Milk. Times without number a fretful wasting infant has turned into a picture of healthy contentment.

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"BABY" in all his ups and downs. *A wise, complete and simple guide to happy motherhood, healthy babyhood.*
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Proprietors of "John Bull."

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It's quite true—in a very short time the eggs begin to sizzle and fry! See how this and other experiments equally amazing are done by reading "Armchair Science," the magazine that is packed with inventions, discoveries and a thousand wonders of the scientific world. Included amongst the 33 articles and features in the October number are: The Heart of a Steel Works, The World on the Wobble, Tricks of the Tornado, Britain's Newest Fighter. Get your copy to-day.

ARMCHAIR SCIENCE—6d.

34 Articles and Features; 72 Illustrations.

Strange Story of a man who was told about the Present by a—

Voice From The Past

"The medium sat in the chair immediately opposite me"

LET me say right away that I would not dare to tell this story if it were not true.

I can offer no explanation. I have spent sleepless nights trying to find one.

Read on and you will find two incidents that need more than common-sense to elucidate.

You must draw your own conclusions.

* * *

First I must make a quick flash-back to a dull, grey Sunday morning in October, 1918. A hurricane was blowing, a heavy sea running, and a stricken ship sinking.

A seaman came running up to me.

"Captain's killed, sir!" he blurted out, "Part of the boat deck fell on 'im."

Now the captain had gone aft to see what damage was done. The ship was already on the rocks and the sea was pounding her to pieces.

I made my way aft, and it was no easy task, for the vessel had a list of nearly sixty degrees.

As I stepped on to the deck I saw a sight which I shall never forget.

The captain, my friend and shipmate, was lying in a pool of blood. He had just been dragged from the wreckage of the superstructure which had fallen on him.

There was no time to do anything, nor was there much I could do.

The rescue ship, a destroyer, was standing by, and had signalled that she was clearing off immediately.

I plunged into the icy water and was fortunate enough to be saved.

* * *

Some two years later I was playing a round of golf with a doctor friend. I had met him since the war, and, knowing how my nerves were affected by the horrors I had seen, he avoided talking about that awful period.

At tea, after the game, he fired a question at me: "Ever been to a séance?"

"No," I said, "and I don't want to. I don't believe in spiritualism."

"You are like all men who work with their hands and not their brains," he replied.

"Why not come and see for yourself? It happens that I am attending a meeting to-night. One of the men who was to be present cannot come because his child has scarlet fever. Why not take his place?"

I thought for a moment. Life is made up of experiences. Here was an adventure that I had never encountered.

The fact that I was to be an unexpected visitor would ensure that nobody could find out anything about me.

My Strangest Experience by Commander A. B. Campbell the popular broadcaster

SURELY this would be a good test for any medium.

"Yes," I said, "I'll come with you."

We left the club and made our way to town.

Arriving at the house where the séance was to be held, we were ushered into a large room.

There a crowd of people were surrounding a woman; all trying to speak to her.

"That lady," said my friend, "is the medium. She has an international reputation. Would you like me to introduce you?"

"No, I prefer to remain unknown. She doesn't expect me and cannot possibly know anything about me."

Soon a move was made to another room. Here the séance was to take place.

Beside the fact that it was heavily curtained, there was nothing to suggest that it was anything but an ordinary breakfast room.

The chairs were placed in a circle, and against one of them was a small table bearing a portable gramophone.

The medium sat in the chair next to the table and asked us to take our places.

I found myself sitting immediately in front of her, and made myself comfortable by crossing my legs and folding my arms.

But this was not for long, for the woman leaned forward and ordered me to uncross both my arms and legs, and made me promise not to cross them again during the séance.

I could see no reason to refuse her request though it struck me as strange.

The medium opened the séance with a prayer and a hymn. At the time it seemed rather blasphemous to me, but as soon as the short service was finished out went the lights.

Silence for a few minutes, and the gramophone began to whirr.

Next moment a popular, rather vulgar song was blaring out at us.

I was astounded, for at least I expected to hear music from the classics.

For some time the record ground on, and then a loud, raucous voice joined in the chorus.

It seemed to come from behind me and I turned to see the singer.

The medium heard me turn and probably guessed the reason, for she said at once:—

"That's Jim, my Lancashire friend. He passed over thirty years ago. He's very fond of this tune."

"So I should think," I said, "by the way he's yelling the chorus."

The voice was really terrific, and certainly had a broad Lancashire accent.

I thought this was a fake of some kind and settled down again to await developments.

To prevent my mind becoming inactive—and therefore acceptive to suggestion—I set about mentally replaying our game of the afternoon.

I had reached the sixth hole when my next-door neighbour prodded me in the ribs and said: "The medium is speaking to you."

ROUSED from my reverie, I heard the woman saying:

"I repeat, there are two naval officers standing behind the gentleman immediately in front of me."

"Oh," I said as casually as I could, "who are they?"

"I don't know them, but I will try to describe them to you. I think they are shipmates of yours, as they are very anxious to get in touch with you. The one behind your left shoulder is short and thick-set. He has dark hair and a pale face with brown eyes."

Startled by this information, I almost shouted: "That's our late Engineer Commander!"

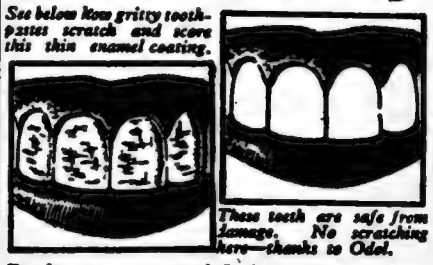
She continued: "I cannot see the face of the other, but he has four gold stripes on his coat sleeve."

As I write this I can feel the hair rising from the nape of my neck. In a

(Continued on page 28)

Less than 1/1000th of an inch prevents Tooth Decay

See below how gritty tooth-pastes scratch and score this thin enamel coating.



These teeth are safe from damage. No scratching here—thanks to Odol.

Don't wear your 'Safety Coat' away

Think! Less than a hair's breadth of enamel protects your teeth from decay. Yet some tooth-pastes only whiten teeth by using abrasives which wear that thin protective film of enamel away!

You can easily prove if your present tooth-paste is safe. Compare it with one which dentists say is the finest and smoothest of all—Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day or send 1d. Postcard for free sample to Odol (Dept. J.B.31), Norwich. Put both to the Bite Test. Grind a little between your front teeth. If your present paste seems the least bit gritty don't take chances any longer. It is because it is so safe that dentists recommend Odol.

Odol

Odol can be obtained as Tooth-paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouth-wash and Odol Denture Powder.

CHILD'S TELL-TALE TONGUE

Your child's tongue will tell you plainly when the tiny bowels need the help of a laxative. A coated tongue means a sour stomach and constipation. But you have to be most careful what medicine you give. Strong purgatives weaken and leave the bowels more bound than ever, and nothing stops a child's growth like constipation.

Doctors and nurses everywhere advise 'California Syrup of Figs' because it is a pure fruit laxative, therefore safe, and, being a liquid you can measure the dose to a nicety to suit your child's system. Kiddies love its pleasant taste and thrive all the better for it.

Get a bottle today. Of all chemists 1/3 and 2/6 (economy size). Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

HEARTBURN IS INDIGESTION

This very common and distressing form of indigestion may be caused either by the fermentation of undigested food in the stomach, or as another of the unpleasant consequences of excess acid. In either case the same simple treatment brings ready relief. A few doses of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder mixed in milk or water put your stomach right at once.

The slightly laxative action of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder gently removes any impurities that have been clogging the system. If excess acid is responsible for the trouble, it is quickly neutralised by the alkalies in Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. The pain and inflammation are soothed and healed. And the entire digestive system works naturally and perfectly again.

With this simple and successful treatment at hand, the stomach sufferer has a remedy that the medical and nursing profession are constantly recommending and using. But it is important to see that you get MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder, which is only genuine if it has the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on bottle and carton. Sold only in 1/3, 2/- or 5/- bottles, Powder or Tablets, and handy 9d. tins of Tablets. Never sold loose.

Mrs. Gill, of Ilford, says:

"This tray-cloth was a 21st birthday present 17 years ago...

A recent photograph of Mrs. Gill with the actual tray-cloth.

She goes on to say: "I just couldn't cope with my family wash without Persil, and I've always blessed the day I started using it. Persil gets out all the dirt, leaving clothes lovely and white. I find Persil suitable for even the finest fabrics—and my hands are wonderfully soft and smooth."

PERSIL washes so gently—it cannot harm clothes or hands

PER 622-264-GU

Greater comfort than ever before at a reduced price

5/- WITH ORDER

Fully Patented No. 414464. Registered Design.

THE 1939 Berkeley SUPERLAX

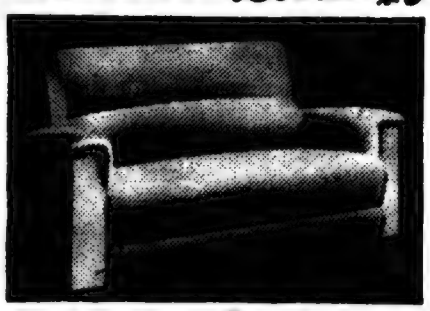
A NEW Berkeley, an even better Berkeley, and at a lower price! Made possible only by the enormous demand for Berkeley Upholstery, by the constant improvements in methods and machinery of production at the great Berkeley factories, and by our firm resolve to break all Berkeley sales records with this new model.

IN B QUALITY COVERINGS
CASH PRICE
68/6
or 72/- less 5/- with order and balance 10/- monthly.

Take a good look at the sensational new features which are making this 1939 Berkeley a landmark in Easy Chair manufacture. A novel 'billowed' back with deep springs lavishes every possible comfort upon your head and back and shoulders. Whether you're reading, knitting, sewing or just doing nothing, your arms have new and luxurious padding to rest upon. The seat, beneath which the springs are set even deeper than before, has a rounded front giving greater comfort to your legs. All springs are of the finest high tensile carbon steel coppered wire—more restful, more flexible, more durable than ever. Fitted with concealed castors.

This new model retains the famous patented automatic action which enables you to change to any position—upright, resting or lounging—without having to leave or adjust the chair. It suits everyone—tall and short. Finest quality upholstery—arms and seat being ALL HAIR stuffed—and a range of Coverings for **your own selection** to harmonize with any scheme of decoration, go to complete a Masterpiece among Easy Chairs. Here is Comfort, here is Value, as never before.

The 1939 Berkeley SUPERLAX SETTEE



Here again are improvements—improvements in comfort and appearance. The 1939 Berkeley Superlax Settee has the new 'billowed' back; big, rounded, deeply padded arms, and luxurious springs sunk deep into the seat and back. It has just the same cosiness as the 1939 Superlax Easy Chair, though not self-adjusting, and is a typical example of the comfort, beauty and value of all Berkeley Upholstery.

IN B QUALITY COVERINGS
CASH PRICE **£5:15:0** or £6:2:6—15/- with order and balance 10/- monthly

The 1939 Berkeley SUPERLAX SUITE

comprising two Easy Chairs and Settee
CASH PRICE **£12:5:0** IN B QUALITY COVERINGS or £12:17:6—20/- with order. Balance 16/- monthly.

Sold under our usual Guarantee of money back if not satisfied within 7 days. **FREE Delivery in England, Scotland and Wales.**

Genuine Berkeleys are made only in our own Factories and are not obtainable through any other furnishing house.

H. J. SEARLE & SON, LTD.
(Dept. J.B.), 70-78, OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON, S.E.1.
West End Showrooms: 133, VICTORIA ST., S.W.1.
Branches: 83-87, London Road, CROYDON; The Parade, WATFORD; 85, New St., BIRMINGHAM; 71, Deansgate, MANCHESTER; 149, Becontree Avenue, DAGENHAM

COUPON Please send me Catalogue of all Models of Berkeley Upholstery, together with complete range of Coverings.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

John Bull _____

FIVE IN THE FAMILY—AND 30/- A WEEK FOR FOOD

Mrs. Stannard's home-made cakes are always nourishing and Rowntree's Cocoa with the meal makes them still more so.

"The good you get from food depends on how well you digest it"

says Mrs. Stannard of West Wickham

SHE HAS LEARNT THAT ROWNTREE'S COCOA IS MORE DIGESTIBLE — AND IT MAKES OTHER FOOD MORE DIGESTIBLE, TOO

"WITH only 30/- a week for food for the five of us, feeding the family is certainly quite a problem," says Mrs. Stannard.

"But a remark made by our doctor once taught me that the good you get out of food depends on how well you *digest* it. That's why I always get Rowntree's Cocoa. The doctor told me it is specially nourishing, because it's so digestible — and somehow it seems to make all our other food more nourishing, too.

"My kiddies are splendidly healthy. They swim and play games — Joseph plays football and cricket for his school—and they're simply never ill. I believe Rowntree's Cocoa has a lot to do with that."

* * *

Rowntree's Cocoa is made by a special "pre-digestive" process, so that it actually helps people (especially children) to digest all their other food and get more nourishment from it. Meals with Rowntree's Cocoa give children *extra* energy, and build up their bones, muscles and tissues more quickly.

WHAT THE STANNARDS PAY PER DAY FOR THEIR NOURISHMENT:—

With 30/- a week for food, Mrs. Stannard can spend about 4/- for the day's meals. Here is the *nourishment* her money buys, measured in "Calories" (food energy units). A family like the Stannards needs about 13,000 Calories a day.

	Price (approx.)	Calories
Porridge (about ¾ lb.)	1d.	450
Milk (1½ pints for whole day)	4½d.	750
Bread (1½ quarterns)	6d.	2,700
Margarine and Butter (¾ lb.)	6d.	2,800
Rowntree's Cocoa (12 cups with ½ pint milk)	3d.	880
Steak (12 ozs.)	6d.	870
Kidney (½ lb.)	2d.	140
Potatoes (2 lbs.)	2½d.	750
Suet (½ lb.)	2½d.	980
Flour (6 ozs.)	½d.	620
Greens (1 lb.)	2½d.	90
Prunes (1 lb.)	5d.	610
Home-made cake	2d.	880
Cheese (½ lb.)	2d.	300
Home-made Jam (½ lb.)	1d.	325
Sugar (½ lb.)	1d.	460
Total	3.11½d.	13,675

The Stannards, you see, are getting just about the recommended amount of nourishment. But to get the full amount of nourishment, they *must digest their meals properly*. Rowntree's Cocoa helps them to do this — that's one big reason why they're all so strong and healthy.

FREE GIFTS Hundreds of free gifts are offered in exchange for Rowntree's Cocoa coupons. Free Gift Coupons in every tin. Send postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. CE71, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for Free Gift Booklet and Free Voucher, value three coupons.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA *Aids digestion*

The Human Machine

For Good or Ill?

ONE of the most debated questions of religion and philosophy is the existence of evil; and mankind has varied in its beliefs from a Devil with horns and a tail to the vast conceptions of morality and conduct that founded whole creeds like Christian Science and Theosophy.

The interesting thing that all these beliefs imply, however, is the concrete nature of thought.

We are too apt to imagine that thoughts are vague, intangible things—mere "processes" of the brain—that affect us only as individuals and throw their force and energy no further.

Yet thought is so clearly something much more than that, something far more powerful than the mere clothing of ideas with words.

Thought is very much a concrete force—a real energy that can create.

It is a real energy, too, that can destroy: and the more individual thought is multiplied into collective thought, the more powerful that force becomes.

We have lived through days, and are still living through days, that leave no doubt of the power of collective thought.

All over the world you can almost feel, like a physical impact, the massed thought that is being directed to the creation of good or evil.

Thoughts are opposing thoughts, struggling and battling, advancing and retreating, just as though they were armies entrenched on a battlefield.

Whenever you think, whatever you think, you are adding either to the constructive or the destructive forces that are shaping the world's destinies.

Like every individual the world over, you are carrying a terrific responsibility. Never forget it.

continuing

Voice From the Past

flash I saw the bloody deck and the sinking ship and—well, I've told you how it was.

I was too moved to speak.

The medium went on: "Will you please speak to them, they are so anxious?"

PERHAPS it was the excitement—I don't know, but my memory went blank.

For the life of me I could not remember the name of a man with whom I had sailed for more than ten years.

So I said I was sorry, but I had quite forgotten his name, and turned to apologise to the invisible presence.

"I will ask him if he can tell us," said the medium gently. "But he will find it very difficult."

She lifted her head as if addressing someone standing. "Can you tell us your name?" she said.

For some moments there was a dreadful silence, and then a slight hissing sound was heard—just as if someone were trying to articulate.

From out of the blackness came a hoarse whisper.

"Rogerson, Rogerson!"

Startled, I swept round in my chair.

"Please forgive me, Rogerson, old man; of course I remember!"

I held out my hand, but I saw no-one and felt terribly confused.

Plucking up courage, I put the question, "Who have you got with you?" I knew the answer.

"Collins, Collins . . . you know . . . the skipper. But he canna talk with ye, for he has no head. I have to lead him round everywhere."

INVOLUNTARILY, I said, "Give him my love!"

For the skipper and I were old pals. My voice trembled as I spoke.

"How are you doing there?" The hoarse whisper replied: "We are in a dark, misty place. You're better off where you are. Stay there as long as you can."

"Have you met many old shipmates where you are?"

"Yes, quite a lot, they often talk about the old days."

Now there was a lad on board of whom I was very fond.

He was asleep in his bunk when the ship sank, and I had no doubt whatever that he was drowned. So I asked after him specially.

To my amazement the whisper said: "He's on your side—in a lunatic asylum near Rochester."

THIS awful news made me shudder. I made a mental note to check up on it the next day.

Then the whisper bade me good-bye. The tone had been growing weaker, and the medium explained that it was the first attempt on the part of the "voice" to materialise.

All I can say is that it was the voice of our late Engineer Commander. I recognised the pronounced Scots burr and several little tricks of speech.

* * *

Well, there's my story. Next morning I called at the Admiralty to make enquiries about my friend.

It was nearly three years after the disaster and they took some time to find particulars.

At length they produced a telegram sent by the Admiral-in-Charge at Rosyth.

It stated baldly that this officer had been picked up, badly smashed, some miles from the wreck.

His head was injured and it was feared that he would never regain his reason. It gave the destination to which he was sent—a mental home near Rochester.

COMING NEXT WEEK:

The man in the picture is Stanley Bishop, JOHN BULL'S ace crime reporter. He is putting the finishing touches to the first of a grand series of articles which begins in next week's JOHN BULL.

He is going to take you into the dark labyrinth of the underworld and show you crooks at work, murderers plotting their fell deeds—and the police remorselessly hunting for the breakers of the law.

Look out for Stanley Bishop next week!

Race with "Silver Ring"

Grade "A" Racers

AMERICANS are grading their race-horses, and a friend who has just returned from the States tells me they are lamenting the fact that they have only six Grade "A" horses in training.

It all depends, of course, upon the measuring stick. Six real top-notchers in a season we should consider pretty good going. But I suppose anything like Bahram would be styled a No. 1, Three Star, Grade "A."

If you want to start a fierce argument among your racing friends, put up suggestions for your six Grade "A" horses of the present season.

I made the following suggestions in a learned company recently. In parentheses I give in brief the remarks that were made about each horse. **Bois Roussel** ("One race, then cotton wool. Not enough proof"); **Rockfel** ("Ex-plater. Look at her two-year-old form"); **Pasch** ("Pretty good, up to ten furlongs"); **Scottish Union** ("I could have won the Leger in faster time"); **Epigram** ("Not so bad"); **Flares** ("Bit of a fluke about that Ascot Cup win").

No, I am afraid we haven't much idea, according to American standards, of boosting our men or horses!

However, if Carlisle wins the Cambridgeshire, I'm going to crack a bottle of Grade "A" milk. And if Naval Display completes my double by taking the Cesarewitch, I think it will have to be a little Three Star!

All the best for Newmarket's Second October—in the Code.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers racing from Thursday, October 6, to Wednesday, October 12.

B A K X U Z R 93 N 96 G E D V H J

I 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q C 93

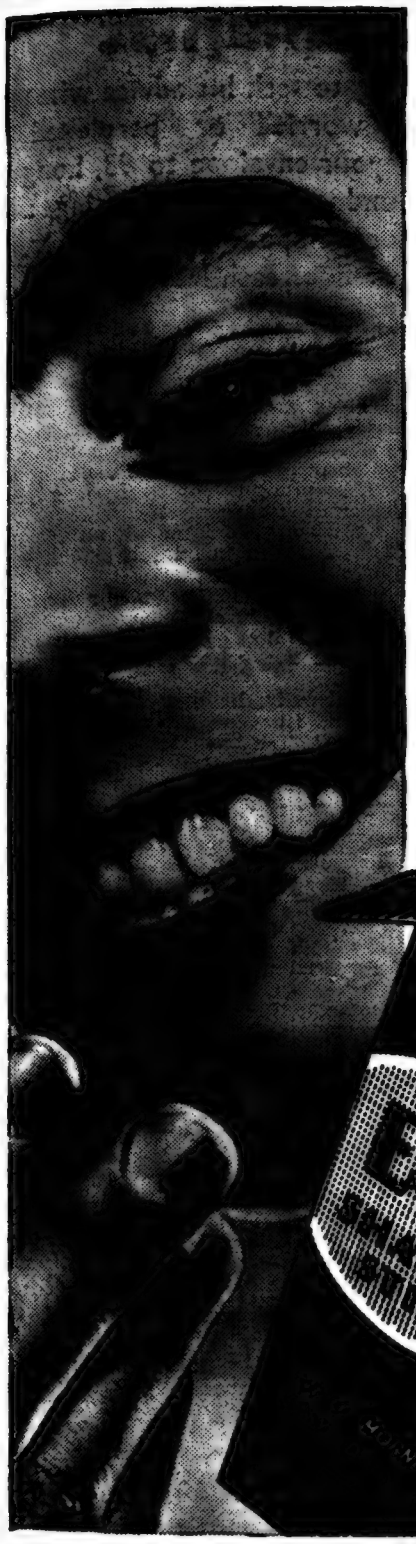
In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: DLBHSMN would read PRICKET.

Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. KTX297M would read SNOOZE.

FOR STRENGTH

Drink Sandeman Port for strength. Drink Sandeman Port for Quality. Drink Sandeman Port because you'll like it and because you cannot get better value for money.

SANDEMAN PORT



MORE 'Easy' SHAVES THAN EVER FOR 6D

★ CREAMIER LATHER
★ HANDY OVAL STICK
★ IT'S BIGGER, TOO!

EASY'S improved double-creamy lather gives quicker, smoother shaving, leaving your face cool and refreshed. Easier shaving in every way with EASY!

WELL OVER 100 SHAVES FOR 6D. Get the NEW EASY to-day!

E 278-172-38 A LEVER PRODUCT

A CASE OF EGGS!

... AND HOW A FAR EASIER, FAR QUICKER WAY TO WASH CLOTHES SAVED IT
I COULD SELL PLENTY OF EGGS IF ONLY MOTORISTS WOULD STOP FOR TEA. THE PLACE IS A FAILURE!
DON'T BLAME ME! I'M WEARING MYSELF OUT TRYING TO RUN THE TEA-ROOM AND KEEP THINGS NICE.
NO WONDER THE PLACE IS SO DESERTED! LOOK AT THE LINEN AND CURTAINS... THEY'RE ABSOLUTELY DINGY!
SOMEONE SHOULD SHOW THE WOMAN HOW TO WASH THEM THE WONDERFULLY EASY NEW WAY!
EGGS FOR SAL
NEXT MONDAY
THINKS:
I HOPE THE STORE-KEEPER WAS RIGHT WHEN HE SAID THE WOMAN MUST HAVE MEANT THE NEW RINSO WAY TO WASH! LET'S SEE, THE WHITES GET THE RINSO 2-MINUTE BOIL... THESE COLOUREDS GET THE RINSO 12-MINUTE SOAK.
LOOK, BOB! RINSO HAS MADE THE WHITES SNOWY AND THE COLOUREDS BRILLIANT. I'VE DONE NO HARD RUBBING AT ALL, AND SAVED 30 MINUTES' FUEL! BESIDES, I'VE FINISHED THE WHOLE WASH HOURS SOONER.
2 MONTHS LATER
YOU'RE THE FINEST PARTNER AND THE LOVELIEST WIFE A MAN EVER HAD! THE PLACE IS A ROARING SUCCESS, DARLING—THANKS TO YOU!
AND THANKS TO RINSO, TOO!

WASH ABSOLUTELY BRILLIANT—WITH NO HARD RUBBING!

THERE'S only one way to have really easy, successful washdays, and that is by using a wonderful new, easy washing method!

You'll save hours of hard rubbing, save 30 minutes' fuel on every copper-load of clothes boiled, and finish the whole wash hours sooner, if you just give whites the *Rinso 2-minute boil.* Just damp any extra-dirty places, and smooth in a little Rinso. Put the clothes into the copper full of luke-warm Rinso suds, and bring to the boil, as usual. But then, boil for only 2 minutes! The clothes will be snowy!

Try the Rinso 12-minute soak for coloureds—it makes them brilliant! And give your fine things a quick wash-through in cool Rinso suds. Rinso completely transforms washday . . . yet it costs only 3½d., 6d. or 10d. a packet.

R 2664-71-55 *R. S. Hudson Limited, London.*

2 MINUTES' BOILING OR 12 MINUTES' SOAKING IS ALL IT TAKES WITH RINSO

RE-AWAKEN and FEED those HAIR ROOTS

Your Hair Roots need not be either Dead or Dying. They are merely too starved or too weak to grow hair through a hardening scalp.

Simply soften and Free the scalp from the stale hair-poisoning and choking dandruff and other pore cloggings with Kotalko Scalp Soap. Then Feed and Nourish the Hair Organism by massaging with KOTALKO True Hair Grower. YOU WILL QUICKLY SEE NEW HAIR GROWING through the Scalp, even where it is bald or the hair is very thin. The new hair will keep on growing Thicker, Longer and Stronger.

KOTALKO THE HAIR GROWER

If Bald, going Bald, Losing Hair through Dandruff or general Weakness of the Hair Organism, then post or copy Coupon below, for trial package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SCALP SOAP.

Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO Cleanse and Soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP—the Tonic Shampoo

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 9, Percy St. (SLKD), London, W.1. Please send me, post paid, Testing package of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Don't overlook "BOLSOM'S" ANNIVERSARY FURNISHING SALE on page 10. Huge reductions have been made

Send the Coupon for Free Copy of New Furnishing Book-de-Luxe

FREE RECIPE BOOK

Explains Marvellous

NEW WAY of COOKING

WHAT could be easier than to place the whole meal in the oven—joint, vegetables and sweet—and forget all about it until it's time for it to come out again! This is what is offered by cooking the "Regulo" way, that is, with the exclusive "Regulo" Control. Get particulars at once of this amazing way of cooking and a free Recipe Book which provides many helpful suggestions. Simply fill in the coupon on p. 23 or write, mentioning "John Bull," to Radiation, Ltd. (Dept. S 24/8), 164, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

"I Like a Little Flutter Myself"

"Humanist"

invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

A WOMAN reader sent me this letter:

"Some time ago a neighbour asked me to join her in putting a shilling on a horse. I did so, and the horse won at 20 to 1.

"As my husband earns only a small wage, it meant a lot to us, and several times since then I have risked a sixpence and have usually been lucky.

"My husband never bets himself, but he does not object to my doing so, as he knows I never get into debt and seldom spend money on myself.

"After that I tried the football pools. I filled in my first coupon and was lucky again! I won £12 for 3d.! You can imagine our delight.

"I gave my little girl a bicycle, for which she had been praying every night for weeks. I sent £1 to my sister, whose husband was out of work, and also some more money to an invalid brother.

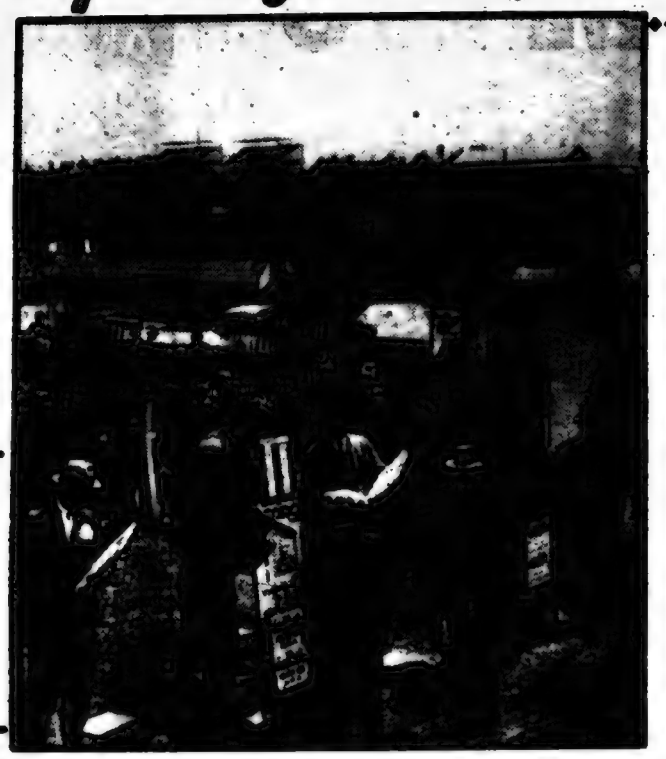
"Then I bought warm winter clothes and good boots, and we were able to have a really nice Christmas.

"But when I went to see some relatives—very religious people—they were terribly shocked. They said it was blasphemy to call the money a 'god-send,' and that I ought to be ashamed of myself.

"'What will your little girl think of her mother when she grows older and finds out that you are a gambler?' they demanded.

"When I told my husband he laughed and said, 'Don't take any notice. If you want to go on doing the coupons, go on doing them.'

"I would like to do so, but I keep wondering if it is wrong as my relatives said. I feel very uncomfortable about it and should like to know what you think.



"A little flutter hurts nobody, but it is wrong to gamble with money required for food, etc."

"Do you think I have harmed my little girl?"

First thing to be said is that the reader has been unusually lucky, but she cannot expect such a run of luck to continue indefinitely.

She must be prepared to lose as well as to win.

It is not easy to make pronouncements about the subject of gambling. It is not mentioned in the Ten Commandments, nor is it included among the Seven Deadly Sins.

The law of the land condemns betting in some circumstances and permits it in others. The General Post Office reaps a huge harvest from betting in the form of telegrams, telephone calls and postages.

*

A GAMBLER has several arguments in favour of his amusement. He points out that the speculating in stocks and shares is a form of gambling; that life insurance is another; and that marriage itself is something of a lottery.

In the last case, at least, you back your fancy.

Daily life, too, tends to become monotonous, and this is responsible for many small "flutters" which add a little excitement and provide occasional thrills.

And what can be said about the clergyman who denounces all gambling from the pulpit but allows a raffle in his church bazaar?

It is all very confusing. But my own attitude is something like this:

(1) If a man feels that betting is wrong, then *for him* it is wrong; but that does not mean that he has the right to impose a ban on people who feel differently.

(2) That if a man's occasional bets keep within limits he is not seriously hurting anybody. If he prefers to put a shilling on a horse instead of going to the cinema, that is entirely his own affair.

But it is wrong to spend the money required for food and clothing for his wife and children.

*

THE letter I have just quoted showed the brighter side of gambling. Here is another, also from a woman, which tells a different story:

"We have been married only a few months, and my husband is splendid. But he has one fault—betting on horses.

"I wouldn't mind a shilling or two when he has them to spare, but he runs into pounds.

"He gives me £2 a week to run the home and keeps 13s. for himself for cigarettes, newspapers, drinks and other odds and ends. So, you see, he can't afford to bet as he does.

"I've pleaded, reasoned, stormed, and even cried. Time after time he has promised faithfully to give up gambling, and every time he has broken his word.

"The climax came last Saturday, when a letter came demanding a sum we can't possibly spare.

"I hate rows, but I lost control of myself.

"I work all the week and have a good job. I am trying to save my money so that we can have a home to be proud of, and put something aside for any little ones who may come along.

"But, if my husband keeps on taking my money to pay his debts, I shall be too old to have children when I settle down. My object is a home, kiddies, and a nest-egg, and as things are going on they seem impossible."

*

SUCH gambling is unwarranted. The husband is the victim of a mania which threatens to ruin his marriage.

He is undoing all the good which his wife is working to achieve, and robbing her of her right—to have babies of her own.

She asks whether she ought to leave him!

I think that would be a mistake. She cannot get a divorce for such a reason, and separation from her husband would mean the end of her dream of home and children.

She wants those children badly, and I advise her not to wait too long.

If she has a baby next year—which will force her to give up her job—the man will be compelled to amend his habits. Only the meanest sort of man would refuse in such circumstances.

Pleading and storming have effected nothing in the past, and so long as the wife is willing to go on earning the gambling passion will assert itself.

Obviously something drastic will have to be done.

The arrival of a child has brought many a man to his senses.

*

HOW easy it would be to quote other letters to illustrate the mischief done by gamblers who lose their heads.

One man tells me how his wife gambles and generally loses all the money given to her for housekeeping.

But there is one problem before me which points the sternest moral of all.

That problem comes from a young fellow of seventeen. He writes:

"My boss asked me to put 10s. on a horse for him, but I felt sure it would lose.

"So I put the 10s., plus a bit of my own, on a horse which looked like a cert. The horse I backed came in last and the boss's horse romped home at 8 to 1.

"Naturally, he expects £4 10s. from me, and I haven't a bean. What ought I to do? Tell him the truth, or borrow the money and pay it off from my wages?"

*

THIS young man cannot expect sympathy when he acts in such a manner. The only honest course is to find the money somehow—sell something or borrow it—and hand over the £4 10s. without a murmur.

He need not feel he is doing something noble, either. He is paying for a valuable lesson, which is to avoid playing about with other people's money.

That is really inexcusable.

When one comes to think of it, the husband who bets with his wife's allowance and the wife who puts the housekeeping money on a horse or a dog are doing the same sort of thing.

All the better for a bath with a

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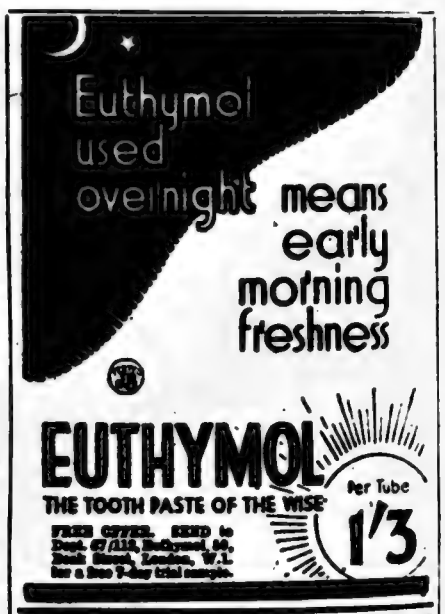

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Per Tube 1/3

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Freedom for Five people

Suffering—to adapt an old saying—makes friends of us all. Certainly that has been the experience of Mr. J. M., of Wembley Park. Some time ago this gentleman was stricken with Rheumatism in the shoulders and back. Being an active man he was greatly worried when various medicines failed to do him any good.

Then he heard of Fynnon Salt. "More in despair than hope," he says, "I bought a tin. Believe it or not, after the third morning I began to feel the benefit and to-day I am completely cured."

But the story does not end there. "As a salesman," adds Mr. M., "I meet many people. To some who are fellow sufferers I recommend Fynnon Salt, and to date I have four cases of complete recovery. It is amazing," he concludes, "how when two strangers with Rheumatism meet, they have only to mention their Rheumatism to become as though life-long friends."

Fynnon Salt is Nature's own Rheumatic remedy in handy form. One teaspoonful in a tumblerful of water every morning provides the potent Spa water elements of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium. These "Salts of the Earth" tone liver and kidneys, rid the acid and toxins from your system and leave you pain-free, supple and well again. Large tins, 1/3, from all Chemists.

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"I have been a sufferer from Asthma all my life. I carry a small tin of Potter's Asthma Cure in my pocket. It has never failed to relieve me in a few minutes."—N. B.

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MY BATTLE AT SEA

I was thrown on to a rock but managed to scramble on shore unhurt except for a few scratches

Reader's Story by J. Young,

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Send us your story of real-life adventure, not exceeding 1,200 words. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. A stamped addressed envelope should be sent with each contribution.

Andy's smack, cast adrift, and pushed the boat away from the steamer.

Sculling astern with an oar, I made towards the harbour mouth.

"Stop!" roared Andy. "If ye dinna come back I'll kill ye guid and proper!"

Though I shouted defiance, my heart sank. I knew it was no vain threat.

But I raised sail—every lad in our town learnt to handle a boat early—the little craft began to make headway.

When the brothers saw I really meant to take their boat out of harbour, they ran to where another smack lay at hand, dropped into her, and the chase was on.

I soon cleared the harbour mouth and tried to round a rocky promontory known as The Head. But my pursuers were beginning to catch up. They also had raised sail and Tarry was rowing as well.

"If you come closer," I yelled, pointing to the shore, "I'll pile the boat on yon rocks!"

This was a bluff, for there was a strong tide running, and the undertow would have sucked me under instantly. And I knew it.

But my bluff worked.

Tarry rested on his oars and we sailed along, though only about eighteen feet apart.

Meantime, Andy brandished his clasp-knife and savagely outlined the unpleasant death that awaited me when they had caught me.

CLEARING The Head, we stood in along the South Bay, where the brothers changed their tactics, and tried to get near enough to board me.

But I kept veering off.

Soon they tired of this, and dropped a bit astern. They had a new plan.

Tarry balanced himself in the bows with an oar raised like a harpoon.

The moment came. He hurled the oar. I crouched behind a pile of what I thought were fish-boxes, covered with tarpaulin, built up in the stern.

The oar sailed over my head. Tarry lost his footing and went overboard.

Now's my chance, I thought. But Andy soon picked up his brother, and once more they began to gain on me.

Closer and closer they crept. Andy was mad with rage. Stooping, he drew a big boulder from the ballast and poised it. I decided the only thing to do was to run them down and swim for shore.

They luffed, and as I shot by, Andy hurled the great stone with all his might.

AGAIN I ducked behind the mysterious pile of canvas-covered boxes.

Again I escaped by inches.

"I'll murder ye yet!" shouted Andy.

By this time we had drawn near a Liverpool cargo boat which a few days before, loaded with a general cargo, had grounded in a fog close inshore.

Though no lives had been lost, salvage was impossible, and it was said that looters had been at work.

Towards the hulk I steered, thinking I could slip round her before they could cut me off.

But they guessed my purpose, and came across so quickly that all I could do was to make straight for the shore and trust to luck.

It was a dangerous shore, with sharp skerries and a heavy surf, but I raced on with mainsail as tight as a drumhead. Andy and Tarry yelled at me to stop, but I took no heed.

Then came the crash. The bottom of the smack was torn right out. Away went mast and sail.

I was thrown on to a rock, but managed to scramble on shore unhurt except for a few scratches.

As I landed two coastguards ran up. I knew them well.

"What's amiss, lad?" asked one of them. Breathlessly I told him. He was stripping off his coat to wrap it round me when the other interrupted it.

"Look, Joe," he said. "Look!" Tumbling about in the surf were cases of bacon, bales of shirts, and boxes of soap.

ALL had been hidden under that tarpaulin in the stern.

"It's loot from the Liverpool boat," went on the coastguard.

"Come on, Joe. You and me have got to have a word with Andy Stone and his brother."

Soon their launch was speeding out to the smack, from which Andy and Tarry were still shouting curses at me.

They tried to bluster, but it wasn't any use. Both were put under arrest.

A month later they were sent to jail. My score with Andy Stone was even.

AS a child, I lived in fear of Andy Stone.

He was a hulking, sandy-haired youth, and the bully of our little town on the north-east coast.

Whenever I had a halfpenny to spend he would follow on my heels until I reached some lonely spot, pin me against the wall, press one filthy paw over my mouth, and with the other wrench the coin from my grasp.

Even when I grew older he terrorised me. I was his special prey.

Once, when I was balanced precariously over the quayside, fishing for green crabs with a bit of herring, he crept up behind and shoved me headlong into the harbour.

I COULDN'T swim, and it was only by a stroke of luck that I was saved.

Of course I told my father, but when Andy was accused he denied he was anywhere near the quay, and his brother backed him up in the lie.

But at last the time came for my revenge.

My first job was with a greengrocer, and one day I was delivering vegetables to a tramp steamer in the harbour when I saw Andy with his brother Tarry coming off a small fishing smack they owned.

She was tied up alongside the tramp, and I was about to scoot away as quickly as I could when Andy spotted me.

"Yey! What're you doing here, young Jock?" he called out. "Don't you poke your ugly snout round our boat."

"Mind your own business, you big lout!" I retorted.

"Big lout, am I?"

He made a grab at me, but I dodged him.

HE halted, pulled out a large clasp-knife and opened it. Then he turned to his brother. "We'll fix this little rat for good," he said, and wiped the blade of his knife across his hand.

I was panic-stricken. I had to escape. Then an idea struck me.

With one leap I jumped on board

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It may be the weather or overwork, errors in diet, or some natural weakness; but, whatever the cause, your stomach and liver need immediate help. Indigestion is poisoning your system and sapping your vitality. Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup will surely help you. It will renew your appetite, stimulate your liver to healthy activity, regulate your bowels, make food nourish you, and give you new strength, new energy, new life. Test it to-day. Price 1/3 and 3/-

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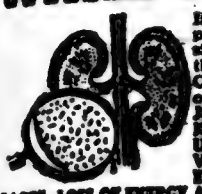

If you suffer sharp stabbing pains, if joints are swollen, it shows your blood is poisoned through faulty kidney action. Other symptoms of Kidney Disorders are BACKACHE, ACHING JOINTS AND LIMBS, SCIATICA, NEURITIS, LUMBAGO, GETTING UP NIGHTS, DIZZINESS, NERVOUSNESS, CIRCLES UNDER EYES, SWELLING, ITCHING PASSAGES, LOSS OF ENERGY AND APPETITE AND FREQUENT HEADACHES AND COLDS, ETC. Ordinary medicines can't help much because you must get to the root cause of the trouble.

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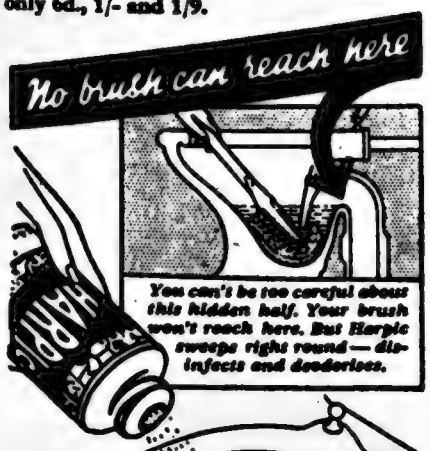
No brush can reach here
You can't be too careful about this hidden bend. Your brush won't reach here. But Harpic sweeps right round — disinfects and deodorises.

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CROSSWORD No. 127 TERMS AND CONDITIONS

ON page 26 is presented the 127th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors.

The judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If all any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, October 27, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in "JOHN BULL'S" free weekly Crossword Gazette, complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending penny postcard to Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford St., W.C.2. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

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Pools Parliament

Conducted by "POOLEX," JOHN BULL'S Famous Expert

● This is your page—say what you like, ask what you want to know about your winter hobby. If a problem to be solved or an opinion to express concerning football pools, write to JOHN BULL, Pools Parliament, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Don't Follow Blindly

ONE of your Golden Rules says: "Don't follow a published forecast blindly." Excellent—but how else is a poor punter to get help?

There must be thousands like myself who enjoy their mild flutter, but have neither the time nor inclination to sit for hours looking up past records, and who, even if they did, would come to wrong conclusions in the end.

Surely experts are more likely to know than I?—Bewildered, Chesterfield.

The important word in my advice is "blindly." Properly used, published forecasts can be very helpful. As an example, there is the system I suggested last season, and which I called the "Home Strength Order."

In short, turn to one of those summaries of forecasts which show the number of experts voting for 1, 2, or X.

Using this summary, make a list of the games you are interested in, starting with the match which has the most home forecasts. Follow this with the match having the next greatest number of home votes, and so on to the last match—which will be the one with the fewest home votes.

Mark this list up with the actual results for a few weeks and you will find that more home wins come from the top half of the list and more away wins near the end.

There you will have a quickly-made basis for your own entries. For home bankers you would search high up; for the aways pool, well down. You wouldn't get 100 per cent. accuracy, but you would get a steady average.

Small Returns

I have found that out of ten home selections given by a sporting paper, eight have been correct on several occasions. How many lines would I want to make sure of getting these eight correct in one column?—A. C., Brighton.

Even to allow for two mistakes in ten selections requires 45 lines. And the snag is that when experts get as near as this it usually means that form has been extra reliable and dividends are therefore at their lowest that week. Once, when teams ran so true to form that some published forecasts gave ten right out of ten, the dividend was 6 to 1!

Bigger Chances

On the five-results pool, permutations mean wasted lines. If you have one line right, all the others must be wrong. So this is the method I use now.

Choosing two bankers, I then group five other forecasts in three by the following table:—

a a a — a a — a — —
a a — a a — a — a —
a — a a — a a — — a
— a a a — — — a a a
— — — — a a a a a a

Got the idea? I score if my bankers and any three others are right, and, what is more, if I manage to get all my forecasts right every line is a winner. —B. L. B., Liverpool.

You are right to avoid permutation where you have a choice of matches. A similar entry, for those who enter fewer lines, would be to have two bankers and then group forecasts for four other matches like this:—

A A A —
A A — A
A — A A
— A A A

If the bankers and any three others are correct, there will be a winning line. All forecasts correct mean four winners.

Take Warning

Most of us know how hard it is to find four aways.

Last week I did it, so you can imagine my dismay when I learnt that my entry bore a late postmark and was disqualified.

A tip to others—post early.—W. L. H., West Ewell.

Hard lines, W. L. H. Make Thursday night coupon night in future. Another tip—don't rely on anybody else to post your coupon. That breaks a few hearts, too.

Haphazard

I have been entering the three-draws pool for years, choosing seven games and backing them in threes in haphazard in 16 lines.

I have had some nice wins, but last week I named four draws correctly, and yet did not get a line right. How can I prevent this happening again?—J. B., Hackney.

Here is an entry which will guarantee you a correct line if any four of your seven selections are correct, and it only takes 12 lines:—

x x x x x x — — — — — —
x x — — — — x x x — — —
x — x — — — x — — x x —
— — — x x — — x — x — x
— x x — — x — — x x — x
— — — x — — — x x — x —
— — — — x x x — — — x x

Wife was Wrong!

My wife made a copy of my penny pool entry, and, when we checked the results, we found we were just short of a dividend.

To our astonishment, along came a cheque for £18!

We queried it, and the reply came—"O.K." Our *copy* was wrong!—L. S., Hull.

Remember this when you make your copy! It might have been the other way round, and in such cases the pool promoters are apt to get called all sorts of names.

Here's Gloom!

I disagree with "Poolex" that form and systems win pool prizes. Luck is the chief factor.

In six years I have won only 11s., with an average weekly outlay of 10s. I have studied form and "systems" and used experts' forecasts, and still have not won.

No! Luck is the only factor in pools. Form, etc., is bunk!—J. M., Caterham.

A lot depends on the system. Some of them are crazier than "pin-sticking." Ten shillings a week entered intelligently in one of the pools-with-a-choice should collect some dividends—unless you are a very bad forecaster.

Calculations Corner

If I pick 20 matches out of 54 on the nothing-barred list, how many lines would I need to be sure of winning if 10 out of the 20 were correctly forecast?—E. L., Camberwell.

Far too many to be of use. In fact, just 184,756 lines!

* * *

I am concentrating on the 12-results pool, and I find that the most usual combination is 6 homes, 4 aways and 2 draws. How can I cover the various arrangements under this heading?—J. C. Woolwich.

The markings required to cover all the possible arrangements of any selected combination of results (apart from useless groups like 12 homes or 11 homes, 1 away and so on) take hundreds or thousands of lines. You cannot dodge the forecasting problem like this. The combination you have asked for takes 12,860 lines.

* * *

In your issue of September 3 you gave a permutation showing how to be sure of three right out of four matches. Is there a similar marking to guarantee four out of five?—W. T., Nottingham, *and many other readers.*

Here are the lines which I gave:—

2 1 x x 2 1 x 1 2
1 x 2 1 x 2 x 1 2
1 x 2 x 2 1 1 2 x
2 2 2 1 1 1 x x x

These guarantee three out of four. To guarantee four out of five, use the above nine lines with 1's for the fifth match (9 lines); then use it again with x's for the fifth match (another 9 lines), and finally repeat it with 2's for the fifth match. Total—27 lines.

Small investors should refer to the *Sporting Life Weekly* on Saturday for special penny entries designed by "Poolex." This is one of the many features included in the *Weekly's* comprehensive pools service.

Graded Guide by "Poolex" (copyright)

Below are the games to be played on Saturday, October 8, not in the customary categories of League Divisions, but specially arranged to form a Graded Guide to the likely results of these matches. Six performances of each team have been assessed by awarding points for each performance on its merits.

Thus the likeliest Home Winners to choose from are at the top of the list. To pick likely Away Winners make your choice from those at the end.

Points in Favour of Home Teams.

80	Brighton v. Ipswich	41	West Ham v. Swansea	22	Plymouth v. Burnley
78	Chester v. Halifax	29	Man. U. v. Charlton	19	Doncaster v. Crewe
73	E. Fife v. Leith	28	Swindon v. Q.P.R.	16	Rochdale v. Darlington
72	Cowdenbeath v. Brechin	27	Sheffield W. v. Man. C.	15	Celtic v. Queen of S.
69	Airdrie v. Edinburgh	26	St. Bernards v. Dundee U	14	Torquay v. Port Vale
68	Everton v. Wolves	25	Hull v. Barnsley	13	Bury v. Bradford
67	W.B.A. v. Coventry	24	Rotherham v. Carlisle	11	St. Johnstone v. Hearts
66	York v. Hartlepools	23	Blackpool v. Chelsea	10	Southport v. Stockport
63	Hibernian v. Queen's P.	22	King's Park v. Forfar	9	Tranmere v. Chesterfield
53	Blackburn v. Sheffield U.	21	Northampton v. Bristol C.	8	Luton v. Tottenham
47	Alloa v. Morton	20	Norwich v. Southampton	6	Newcastle v. Notts Forest
46	Arbroath v Raith Rovers	25	Middlesbrough v. Leeds	3	Third Lanark v. Albion R.
42	Dumbarton v. Stenhouse.	21	Arsenal v. Grimsby		

Points in Favour of Away Teams.

Newport v. Crystal Palace	1	Portsmouth v. Sunderland	14	Stoke v P.N.E.	53
Bournemouth v. Cardiff	2	St. Mirren v. Aberdeen	15	Bristol R. v. Reading	39
Motherwell v. Clyde	3	Mansfield v. Southend	17	Birmingham v. Bolton	43
Montrose v. Dunfermline	4	Partick v. Hamilton	18	Huddersfield v. Aston V.	47
Bradford C. v. Oldham	5	Walsall v. Exeter	19	Ayr v. Kilmarnock	48
Lincoln v. Accrington	6	Leicester v. Liverpool	21	Brentford v. Derby	49
Clapton O. v. Watford	8	Dundee v. R. Stirling	22	Barrow v. N. Brighton	59
Fulham v. Millwall	9	Wrexham v. Gateshead	28	Falkirk v. Rangers	65
Notts County v. Aldershot	13				

AUTUMN DOUBLE

WE GUARANTEE FULL MARKET PRICES

for Cambridgeshire commissions if postmarked NOT LATER than MONDAY, October 10th, or telephoned or telegraphed not later than noon on TUESDAY, October 11th.

All commissions for the Cambridgeshire sent after the above times, and up to the "off," will be on at FULL STARTING PRICE or Totalisator Returns as desired.

CREDIT ACCOUNTS ONLY

NO LIMIT—S.P. or TOTE

Doubles, Trebles, Accumulators.

£5 FOR 3d

£20 FOR 1/-

ODDS OF 400 to 1 FOR ONLY SEVEN CORRECT IN THE "SIMPLE SEVEN"

FIXED-PRICE FOOTBALL

Pick where you like! Six, Five & Four Leagues

Long Odds List 34 Matches

10 to 1 SIX WINNERS

NINE MATCH SHORT LIST

Odds up to 1000 to 1

Send Now for the Famous CHALLENGER LIST

Issued by Cope's for 43 years

Please send particulars with a view to opening a Credit Account. I am over 21 years of age. J.B. 8.10.38

Name

Address

Supposed Weekly Credit £

DAVID COPE

LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.4

Is *Your* Back Aching?

"Every picture tells a Story."

Rheumatic Twinges, Urinary Disorders, Sharp or Nagging Backache, Lumbago, Disturbed Nights are some of the signs of Kidney Weakness.

DO STABBING PAINS strike across the back? Is the urine disordered and your sleep disturbed? Do weather changes bring rheumatic twinges? These are some of the signs of kidney weakness which Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills so successfully combat. They banish the pain by treating the cause—the weakened or sluggish kidneys. Don't wait to be laid up! Doans Pills may save you weeks of suffering with rheumatism, lumbago, bladder weakness, renal dropsy or sciatica.

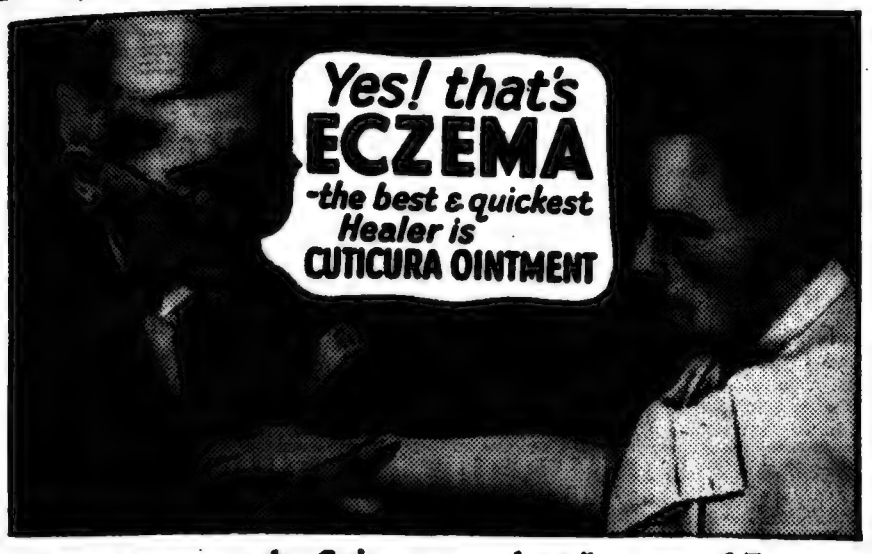
"Colds Led to Lumbago"

Mr. E. Cook, 49, Highfield Road, Berkhampsted, Herts, says: "For twenty years every cold brought on a return of lumbago. Sharp twinges would catch me in the back and hips. At other times there was a heavy, dragging pain in the back. The urinary system was disordered, the water containing a sediment. I can scarcely recollect the remedies I tried before I started with Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. They cleared the water and eased my back, so that I became quite well. No medicine equals Doans Pills. (*Signed*) E. Cook."

Ask your Chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

9½d 1/3 2/6



Even as you apply Cuticura Ointment you feel its marvellous soothing effect. Within five minutes that maddening, sleep-wrecking itch will be relieved. Then the healing antiseptic ingredients sink to the very source of the Eczema. With every application the place looks healthier as the eruption dies down. It shrinks in size daily. Scaling stops, weeping dries up and new spotless skin appears and spreads until no trace of Eczema remains. Often, a single tin of Cuticura Ointment is sufficient to clear up a stubborn skin eruption of years standing.

Cuticura Ointment kills germs and repels them. It prevents septic poisoning and gathering and draws out inflammation.

A magical healer of Pimples, Boils, Ulcers, Cuts, etc., and an ideal first-aid for Burns and Scalds.

★ Sufferers from Eczema should, in the bath and when washing, use only Cuticura Soap. Made especially for cleansing skin troubles, it is as mild and soothing as fresh dairy cream.

Cuticura
BRAND
OINTMENT

KILLS SEPTIC GERMS - DRAWS OUT POISONS

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

GASTRITIS, ACIDITY AND PAIN AFTER EATING DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC

YOU need not suffer a Single Day longer from Mealtime Discomfort. Sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastritis, or Gastric Catarrh, Wind, Flatulence, Fulness after meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by **Shadforth Acidity Tablets (No. 1,077)**. Popularly known as "White Lions." Why restrict yourself to a narrow diet? Eat in moderation and enjoy your favourite dishes without unpleasant after-effects. This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement, clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished, long sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. Send at once for "White Lions." They give prompt relief.

Price 6d. (24), 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 Lions), with directions.

Mr. Shadforth's book (No. J.B. 314) on Treating of Digestive Troubles will be sent post free.

POSITIVELY the World's Greatest Remedy for Acid Indigestion.

HEART TROUBLE

Don't Risk a Collapse

DOES your heart palpitate? Are you tired from morning to night? Sleepless yet needing sleep? Without appetite, yet needing the strength which foods can bring? You must not go on like this! Take "Blue Lion Fox Nuts," the modern tonic which pulls you together in a few hours. Frazzled nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone; faith strengthened, hope renewed before nightfall; life worth living to-morrow. It is the Doctor's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—it prevents palpitation, flutterings, faintness, tremblings, run-down condition, stops your falling-to-pieces feeling. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take this tonic and be normal in a few days.

Send at once for "Blue Lion Fox Nuts." Shadforth Prescription No. 632.

Prices: 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

The Shadforth Booklet on Heart Troubles (No. J.B. 320), post free.

THE WORLD'S BEST HEALTH, HEART AND NERVE TONIC.

Send for these prescriptions privately packed and post free at these prices (abroad extra) from

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE Ltd.

DISPENSING CHEMISTS, PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS,

Dept. J.B. 164, 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4

HEAD COLDS & SORE THROATS are about— TAKE HEED!

Head-colds, coughs, sore throats, mild 'flu, and all sorts of feverish complaints are about. The thing to do is to STAMP THEM OUT NOW—WITH 'ASPRO'. You can do it if you act at once. At the first sign of a sore throat use 'ASPRO' as a gargle—the sore throat will be banished — the infection stopped. For a feverish cold or 'flu, take two 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot lemon drink, and you will find the 'flu or cold disappear. 'ASPRO' claims are not mere assertions, they have been proved true by thousands of your fellow citizens. So do not be put off with make-believe — ask for 'ASPRO' — see that you get it — and then use it. Remember

NOW IS THE TIME FOR 'ASPRO'

READ THIS TESTIMONY

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by ASPRO LIMITED Slough, Bucks. Telephone: SLOUGH 608

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

ASPRO

INSTANT RELIEF FROM TONSILLITIS

34, Kingsham Road, Chichester, Sussex.

Dear Sirs, Please excuse the liberty in writing to you but I feel I must take the opportunity to drop you these few lines of congratulation on your wonderful 'ASPROS.' Having had a sore throat which finished up with Tonsillitis, after taking some I felt instant relief. Also my daughter who has just come out of hospital is better, I am pleased to say, thanks to the wonderful 'ASPRO.'

Trusting you will use this letter as you think fit.

I remain, Yours truly,
V. G. EDE (Mrs.).

GOT NEURALGIA ON TOP OF COLD— WHAT HAPPENED

14, Grove Terrace, Teddington, Middx.

Dear Sirs, For the last ten days I have been suffering from a dreadful cold—and although trying all homely remedies, nothing did me any good—the cold just got steadily worse; and then on Saturday last, to add to my troubles, acute neuralgia came on in my head. I was nearly mad with the pain all the week-end and then on Monday evening my son suggested 'ASPRO', as they had done me a lot of good during a bad attack of 'flu some years ago. He went and bought a packet and I followed the instructions for neuralgia religiously and by ten o'clock that night ALL the pain had COMPLETELY gone. And I'm glad to say has not returned, and also the catarrh in my head is considerably lessened. I can now look forward to a really happy Xmas (which I had begun to doubt), thanks to 'ASPRO.'—Yours very truly,
(Signed) MYRTLE M. EVENY.

ALWAYS GETS RELIEF WITH 'ASPRO'

Mrs. G. A. writes from Fulwood, Sheffield, 10: "I have had quite bad attacks of nervous dyspepsia, and have tried endless remedies, but have had no relief until, as an experiment, I tried a course of 'ASPRO.' Whether it is my imagination or my faith in them I cannot say, but I always get relief after taking them and so shall continue to do so. I shall certainly advise anyone suffering from the same to take 'ASPRO'."

ROBBED OF WORK BY BAD THROAT

E.I.M., of 6, Rectory Terrace, Farnham Royal, Bucks, writes: "I have great pleasure in writing to you to let you know what wonderful things your 'ASPROS' are. I have been suffering from a very bad sore throat, which I usually get in the winter, and causes me to lose a lot of time from work. But this time I have taken some of your wonderful 'ASPROS', and have been able to carry on work. I can honestly say 'ASPROS' have given me more relief than anything I have ever taken."

Try 'ASPRO' For

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
TOOTHACHE
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
CHILLS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
PAINS FROM ILLNESS OR ACCIDENT
MALARIA
ASTHMA

HOW TO USE 'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

For sore throat, tonsillitis, etc., put two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water and gargle with the mixture. The tablets break up into thousands of tiny particles which adhere to the lining of the throat, thus exerting the maximum antiseptic healing effect at the root of the trouble.

PRICES 3D 6D 1/3 2/6

Win
£30 WEEKLY FOR LIFE or £500
UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS for 2nd RUNNERS-UP
Up to 40 ALL-WAVE RADIOS
EACH VALUE £8-8s
Cossor, pioneers of radio, supply and fully guarantee these superb superhet Receivers, one of which will be presented with each Xword Runners-up Prize of £2·10s and over.
POST ENTRY ON OR BEFORE WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 12
OR YOU WILL MISS

BE QUICK for JOHN BULL'S GREAT PENSION and RADIO X WORD—closing THURS OCT 13

EXTRA OPPORTUNITY TO WIN IN X-WORD No. 127

Owing to interference with normal services and activities due to the international situation, this Crossword Offer No. 127 has been extended for one final week—new closing date, Thursday, October 13. If you entered on coupons provided in last week's issue, give yourself an extra opportunity of success by an entry on coupon from this page.

DON'T MISS YOUR REGULAR WEEKLY ENTRY!

READ THESE RULES

1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares or two columns submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Thursday, Oct. 13, 1938.

2.—Each entrant is limited to 16 sixpenny entries, each on an Entry Form provided in this or any other announcement of this Contest.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified as will any mutilated coupon. See "Time-Sava" Form for special conditions governing use.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, Oct. 27. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, Nov. 1, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £500 cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 33

£2,700 WON IN CROSSWORD NO. 125.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 125 the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following three competitors:—

MISS A. DAVIES, 23, Station Road, Winchmore Hill, N.21.
MRS. A. GLENDINNING, 23, Taff Embankment, Cardiff.
C. J. SHAW, 46, Mitchell Street, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £2,500, and a cheque for £833 6s. 8d. will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, October 11, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

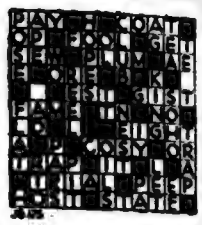
No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £900 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 12 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £16 13s. 4d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

Each cash prize-winner will also receive a 10½-Guinea "Vidor" Press-button Radio.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. PAY. 4. COAT. 5. FOOL. 7. SEW. 8. PLUM. 12. GIST. 13. FAME. 18. EIGHT. 18. COST. 20. TRIAL. 21. HOST. 22. STATE.
DOWN.—1. POSE. 2. AFR. 3. HOPES. 4. CLUB. 6. TEST or TEXT. 9. REEL. 10. KING. 11. FAD or LAD. 12. FLAT. 14. NEST. 16. TRAP. 17. FARE. 19. LET.

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

Two blank spaces indicate that at these points TEST or TEXT and FAD or LAD were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

£1,000 and Trip in "Queen Elizabeth" FREE

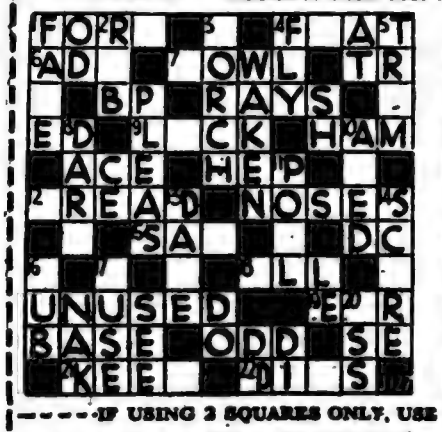
Each senior of fully completed 2-column "Time-Sava" Entry Sheet this week, accompanied by necessary 2s. entry-fee is entitled to enclose one Bullets coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE, for Giant Offer of £1,000 Cash and a "Queen Elizabeth" Trip for Two. Coupons on page 39.
You may also enclose "Bullets" with Crosswords—See "Bullets" page.

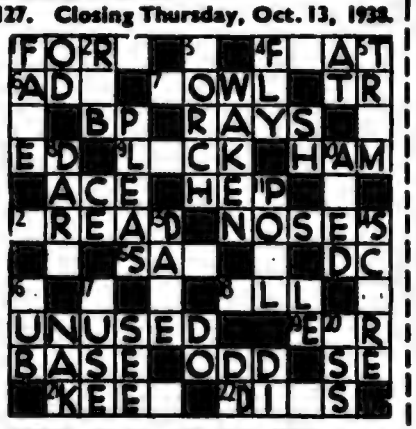
USE CLUES ON "TIME-SAVA" FORM TO SOLVE PUZZLE BELOW

Make entry on Squares or "Time-Sava" Entry Form as preferred.

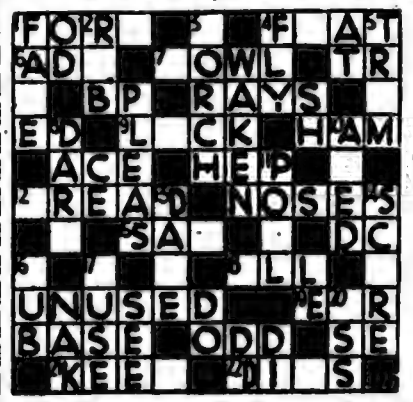
CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

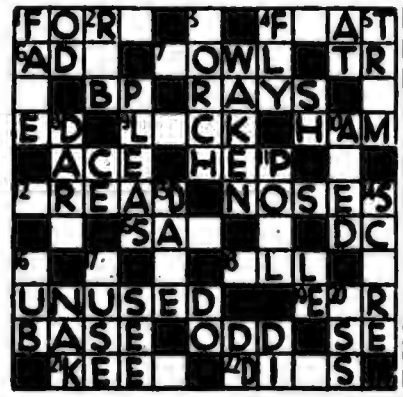
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 127. Closing Thursday, Oct. 13, 1938.





IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE





In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value..... No.....

With 2 squares send P.O. for 6d.
With 4 squares send P.O. for 1s.

2 SQUARES 6d.
4 SQUARES 1s.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

Improved New Time Sava — Crossword No. 127

Study these Clues

6D ENTRY-FEE FOR THESE 2 ATTEMPTS — 6D EACH FURTHER TWO COLUMNS

ACROSS

1. It's dangerous to go by this when there's been sudden heavy rainfall — FOR
4. Running one calls for plenty of energy — FAT
6. Fuss — AD
7. Youngsters commonly do this for hours and seem none the worse for it — OWL
9. Drawer occasionally has this — LOCK
12. Is often harder to get rid of when old — READ
15. Is sometimes played on music-hall stage — SAW
18. Quack's advertisement is likely to deceive — LL
19. One hears with this — EAR
21. Maids often get this when in service — KEEN
22. Bookie may be used to taking punters' — DIS

DOWN

1. It's a pity that beauty should have to do this — FADE
2. What burglars do — ROB
3. One may need only a small bulb for this — ORCH
5. You should have the right fare if getting in this — TRAM
8. Often made very pointed — DART
10. One doesn't like to be this when surrounded by young people — AGED
11. It's rarely hard to see what's at the bottom of small one — POOL
12. Man may rest in one when cleverly hooked — DATE
14. Political candidate may do this with brilliant speech — SCARE
16. In which dirty linen is sometimes washed — SUB
17. May lead to explosion — USE
20. Donkey — SS

INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE:—First work out Puzzle on ordinary Square with aid of clues. Then indicate first set of Answers by completing in ink a word against each clue in first column above. EVERY LETTER SPACE IN THIS FIRST COLUMN MUST BE COMPLETED OR ENTRY SHEET DISQUALIFIED. In subsequent columns indicate subsequent sets of Answers by marking ON EACH LINE THE ONE LETTER NECESSARY TO COMPLETE WORD AT THIS POINT. Should any letter space be left blank in second and subsequent columns this will be regarded as indicating that you wish Answer in Column 1 to be read at that point.

I submit this entry for X-word 127 on the understanding that first column and each subsequent column used shall be regarded for Adjudication and all other purposes as a full and precise equivalent of current X-word Square, completed with aid of Clues provided. I agree to all Rules and Conditions and enclose

P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 127, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.) **Note NEW Closing Date—THURSDAY, OCT. 13**

The Editor Laughs Last

"Bullets" Illustrated: Led to Blows—Village Brigade's One Axe!

TED (Burnley).—"What do you think I got when I passed my engineering exam.?" A surprise?

D. L. (York).—"He thinks he's an expert at billiards and is very conceited about it." Most players put on side.

D. H. (Chelsea).—"My wife jammed on the brakes and pulled up in a yard." Whose?

R. P. (Repton).—"The old-fashioned piano is holding its own against modern radio." With its back to the wall?

Mrs. L. B. (Dover).—"My son, true to the family tradition, has carved a name for himself at school." On the top of his desk?

B. L. (Rugby).—"I don't think my wife could tell a lie in twelve months." You're fortunate. Ours can tell one as soon as it's uttered.

M. M. (Merstham).—"He says he loves me, and he has only known me for two days." Perhaps that's why.

MOTORIST (Gateshead).—"Anyone who neglects to put out his hand when taking a corner should be severely dealt with." Will all football wingers please note?

T. Y. (Hayes).—"I just couldn't remember the name of the special brand of cigarette I was smoking." But it was on the tip of your tongue?

E. H. (Witney).—"When a woman puts her foot down, something usually happens." Especially if she puts it down on the accelerator instead of the brake.

MATER (Romford).—"Modern girls would do well to model themselves upon my daughter, who never powders her nose." The shining example, eh?

D. G. (Mansfield).—"In the Stone Age women fled from the men to escape their clubs." Now, of course, the men flee to their clubs to escape their women.

L. S. (Balham).—"I made a name for myself while staying at Brighton for my holidays." See letter below.

F. B. (Balham).—"Lizzie Smith, who lives next door, was staying at the same hotel at Brighton as I was, but I noticed that she signed the visitors' book as Myfanwy Rees-Smythers." See letter above.

MR. K. (Ryde).—"I pride myself on being quite a clever contortionist." See letter below.

MRS. K. (Ryde).—"I can twist my husband round my little finger quite easily." See letter above.

FLUFFY (London, W.).—"I want to give my boy a surprise for his birthday. What would you suggest?" Tell him your age!

A. M. (Twickenham).—"I know a man who hasn't spent a halfpenny for twenty years." He was in for murder, apparently.

M. T. (Falmouth).—"Sudden wealth has enabled many men to find their feet." And others to lose their heads.

C. K. (Bedford).—"Hard work has made me what I am." Is that a boast or an apology?

A. G. (Normanton).—"I can assure you that superstition is all bunkum. I am not superstitious about anything in the world." Then loan us thirteen pounds.

A. W. (Bushmills).—"What would you do if a bandit should hold you up with a gun and demand your money?" Sympathise with him.

A. N. (Greenford).—"I'm not going to start digging up my new allotment until I'm certain of the exact length I am entitled to." You want to be sure of your ground.

ACTOR (Bath).—"Owing to a traffic jam, I lost fifty valuable minutes and arrived at the theatre only just in time to rush on to the stage." You couldn't make up for it?

S. N. (South Coast).—"I was knocked down by a seaside phrenologist who drove on after the accident." He might at least have stopped and offered to read your bumps free of charge.

W. J. (Sutton).—"Have you ever looked at a picture which made you weep?" Yes, the one that fell on our head.

P. F. (Norwich).—"What shall I do in order to get more eggs than usual this winter?" Keep more hens.

F. L. (Banff).—"Who, after all, really extracts anything exciting out of the talkies to-day?" The censor.

AVIATOR (Croydon).—"My brother can do stunts in the air for hours on end, but I very soon have to land for a rest." You can't keep up with him.

R. L. (Ealing).—"Do you know the one thing I craved for after a fortnight's holiday at the seaside?" Yes, another week.

D. L. (Highgate).—"Not many Englishmen indulge in complexion mud packs." Apparently you have never seen a rugby match on a wet day.

T. N. (Yarmouth).—"There are some alarming figures threatening our peace of mind to-day." So you've been looking at your bank pass-book, too?

BATHER (Kensington).—"No matter how frosty the atmosphere is throughout the winter I break the ice every morning." We generally open the breakfast conversation, too.

R. N. (Morden).—"Many City workers get very tired of standing on their feet all day." So they choose ours for a change on their way home on the Underground.

P. M. C. (Fulham).—"In these days one doesn't know where to turn for even an extra pound or two." Turn to pages 38 and 39; there you have one last opportunity to win an extra £1,000 for your pocket and *Queen Elizabeth* trip.

T. L. (Buralem).—"Regularly every week my wife and I have a quarrel and I wish I knew how I could put a stop to this sad state of affairs." Try to get a job where you are paid monthly.

E. T. (Truro).—"Sitting in the gangway seat at the pictures, I found people continually tripping over my right leg, but I stuck it out gamely throughout the entire evening." Why on earth didn't you tuck it in?

D. F. (Shotton).—"My brother has got married suddenly to the girl next door and we thought he was only flirting with her." Probably that's what he thought, too.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

HEMEL HEMPSTEAD GAZETTE:—"Was summoned for driving the UNUSED lorry."

NUNEATON OBSERVER:—"The whole of the PROCESSION will be given to Hinckley Cripples' Guild . . ."

THE EVENING TIMES (GLASGOW):—"There was neither sun nor MIND to help in the drying process."

EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS:—". . . Ministers expressed their entire agreement with the action already taken and the POLICE to be pursued in the future."

THE LANCASHIRE DAILY POST:—"The police had received many COMPLIMENTS as to the raiding of orchards . . ."

GRAVESEND AND DARTFORD REPORTER:—"She wore a spray of ORCHARDS."

CAMBERLEY NEWS AND BAGSHOT OBSERVER:—"Roll each fillet, tie round with white cotton or hold together with tiny SEWERS."

SCARBOROUGH MERCURY:—"The roar is mainly caused by the machine's air CREW . . ."

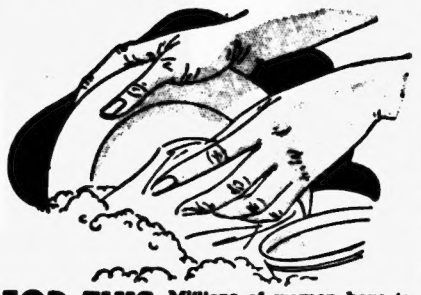
BATH AND WILTS CHRONICLE AND HERALD:—"All last season's players have been RE-DESIGNED, and in addition there is a number of players to be given a test."

SOUTH WALES ARGUS:—"Streets along the river embankment are being reinforced by HANDBAGS."

NEWS CHRONICLE:—"England's chief luck was that of winning the LOSS upon each occasion of the four Tests."

Dad . . . It's a Sad Life by Maz

GRIMY HANDS



FOR THIS Millions of women have to do housework or rough work, but there's no need for their hands to show it.

DO THIS Rub 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly well into the hands, nails and round the cuticle, last thing at night without fail. Use it as though you were washing with it.

GIVES THIS Your hands will always keep soft, smooth and attractive, even though you do housework every day. 'Vaseline' Jelly replaces the natural oils in your skin. It stops your nails from breaking and cracking, too!

Jars 4½d., 6d., 9d. Also in handy tubes and tins.
Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

TRADE Vaseline MARK
Petroleum Jelly
daily for hands
CLEANSES · SMOOTHS · SOFTENS

3677

LIVES ON THE AIR
ISSEN
RADIO
Receivers · Batteries · Components

PILES!

Internal, external, blind or bleeding piles—you will be amazed at the relief experienced immediately you apply Man Zan. The terrible irritation disappears. Made specially for pile trouble. In clean to use, special applicator tubes, price 3/-, from all chemists. Don't stay in pain and danger, obtain a supply of

Man Zan
Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1/3.

MIGHTY QUEEN ELIZABETH OFFER

HISTORIC 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE
TRIP TO NEW YORK FOR TWO
ON MAIDEN VOYAGE OF NEW CUNARDER
YOUR WONDERFUL "QUEEN ELIZABETH" VOYAGE
Just as a Bullets First Prize-winner and his wife travelled in luxury to New York and back on the Maiden Voyage of R.M.S. "Queen Mary," so will this week's Winner and companion be privileged to sail on the Maiden Voyage of the even greater new "Queen Elizabeth."
Win a GIANT FORTUNE and SAIL TO NEW YORK in the WORLD'S FINEST LINER!

One More Week to Enter!

HERE is a magnificent opportunity to help yourself to a four-figure fortune in exchange for a few simple words—and then to celebrate your sensational success with a millionaire's trip for two on the maiden voyage of the mighty *Queen Elizabeth*.

Owing to interference with normal services and activities, due to the international situation, this giant Birthday Offer has been extended for one final week. You still have time, then, but only just, to enter the best effort of this leviathan Contest and thus bring a golden Joy Wire to your address on Friday, October 28.

Think of all the good uses to which you could put a £1,000 fortune. Picture the joys of a 6,000-mile free holiday to the New World. Then make up your mind that this wonderful 2-in-1 prize shall be yours.

A big batch of increased Birthday Cheques follows this huge First Prize, and note that you are presented on opposite page with a Bonus Voucher for enclosure with your entry for next week's fine Offer.

This £1,000 *Queen Elizabeth* prize will be beyond your reach after Saturday, October 15. Start on your *Bullets* as soon as you have read through the simple instructions provided on this page and make sure that you post your entry before it is too late!

Another BIG

PENSION PRIZE

NEXT WEEK!

Hold Privilege Voucher on opposite page for next week's fine Pension Offer—do not miss it!

HOW TO WIN

YOU need no years of experience nor long hours of study to capture *Bullets* Monster Birthday Prize. All JOHN BULL asks of you is the best effort received, simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with the selected *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, you were considering the *Example*, ONE OF THE BOYS. Your first jotting might be *Until He Fell In Love*. From this you could easily produce the typical *Bullet*, ONE OF THE BOYS—TILL "THE ONE GIRL—"

Remember—you have only a few days to win this mighty £1,000 and *Queen Elizabeth* Trip First Prize, for your entry MUST be posted on or before Saturday, October 15. Somebody *must* win—why not you?

POST ★ ENTRY

on coupons from opposite page

BY SAT. OCT. 15

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

BROTHER FRITZ
SONNY'S WORLD
ONE OF THE BOYS
BRITAIN'S BALANCE
WHEN THE WORK'S DONE
IF NELSON LIVED TO-DAY
MOTHER REMEMBERS
PAST v. PRESENT
THE ELECTIONS ARE COMING, SO
HEED THE WARNINGS AND
CAR OF TO-MORROW
GOOD RULE
BROKE UP THE HOME
WORTH A LOT
WITHOUT PAYING
A MILLION OR TWO
WOOING PEACE
TO BE CANDID
FALLEN STAR
HARD TO MANAGE
COLLAPSED
GOOD TO HER
I'M SORRY FOR HENPECK, BUT
NEEDS AN EXPERT
MY VIEW
WHEN DAD WAS LOST
SONNY BELIEVES
WE'D BE IN CLOVER IF
FRUITS OF EDUCATION
KEEPS GRANDPA GOING
ON THE CRIMINAL'S TRACK
EUROPE'S CAULDRON

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 1,138

First Prize, £1 Weekly for Life plus Radiogram, or £300 Cash:

R. L. REES, 15, Selworthy Road, Holbrooks, Coventry.
Example: NEW WORLD
Bullet: AFTER THIS? ALTER *This!*
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£25 PLUS RADIOGRAM:

Mrs. C. POLLARD, 3, Normanton Street, Leeds.
Example: Back To Work
Bullet: Breakfasts Uncertain—Meals Sure.

£10 PLUS RADIOGRAM:

W. JOYNER, 32, Oak Avenue, West Wickham.
Example, What Roadhog Wants
Bullet: Policeman's Journey, Breaking News.

17 PRIZES OE £5 EACH:

Mrs. D. B. ALDOUS, 71, Oakleigh Park Drive, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.
Made Wifey Jealous—Browne's Car—"Accelerated" Me!

W. AVERY 1, Victoria Place, Faversham.
Pity The Farmer When—The "*Land*" Neglects *Him*.

Mrs. C. BURVILLE, 14 St. Dunstans Terrace, Canterbury, Kent.
Give Her A Ring And—Stop Tipping Her Brother!

Miss G. COLGRAVE, 7, Little Street, Rushden, Northants.
Man Who's Got Brains—And "Sand," Leaves "Footprints."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

P. DICKINSON, 1, Darlington Street, Cuppull, Lancs.
For The Family's Sake—Dad's "Sticking" "Piggish" Foreman.

F. L. GATENBY, 247, Liverpool Road, Manchester.
It Wouldn't Hurt If—Birch Didn't "Enter Soul."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

Mrs. M. E. GAVIN, 30, Cranley Gardens, Palmers Green, N.
Nobody Wants Him, So—"Passed Over"—Feels "Crushed."

L. S. GENT, 86, Dolphin Road, Slough, Bucks.
What Marriage Means—Life Ag[illegible] Lively Disagreement.

H. A. GRANT, 642, Queen's Drive, Liverpool.
Regardless Of Cost—Tombstone His Stinginess Hurried.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

Miss M. HOLMES, 909, Portland Road, Southall, Middx.
Fun And Frivolity—"Outlet"—Shouldn't Be "Drain."

L. H. JACOBS, 37, Stanley Street, Runcorn.
Makes Life A Holiday—Going Places? Going Placidly.

E. M. JONES, Madonna, Dunstone Park, Paignton.
Gone Before—You Know, Youth's "Glow."

J. RUTHERFORD, 10, Brixham Avenue, Gateshead.
Now Dad's Got A Bike—His "Corporation" *Reducing* "Rate"!

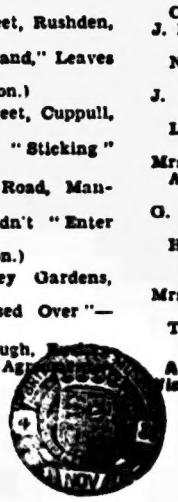
J. H. SALMONS, Whittlebury, Towcester, Northants.
Like A Baby—Kidnapped—Bridegroom, To Mother!

Mrs. A. SEED, 77, Symonds Road, Preston.
At A Standstill—Reveller, Awaiting Next Lamppost!

G. A. SEEL, 41, Harold Road, Upper Norwood, S.E.
Having A Thin Time—"Docked" Again—Doctor Gained.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

Mrs. E. L. WRIGHT, 27, Pitsroy Avenue, Birmingham.
Too Much Money—Spent, *Condemning* My Pint!

A list of 25 10s. and 200 Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices.



READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrants name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible to compete

The original cheque for £250 chosen by the First-prize Winner in Competition No. 1,137 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. H. J. Watford and Son, 7, Croxted Road, West Dulwich, S.E.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,141 usually purchase "John Bull."

CELEBRATES BULLETS 26th. BIRTHDAY!

AND £1,000 CASH

THE WINNER OF THE SINGLE PRIZE OF 1000 GNS CASH WILL BE PAID

1,141

ONE MORE WEEK TO WIN!

CLOSING POST MARK — SAT. OCTOBER 15

6,269 OTHER PRIZES ALSO MUST BE WON

SECOND PRIZE £100

		£25	£10
£9.10s.	£9	£8.10s.	£8
£7.10s.	£7	£6.10s.	£6
£5.10s.	£5	£4.10s.	£4
£3.10s.	£3	2 OF £2.10s.	

50 OF £1 — 200 OF 2/6
6000 'GOOD SHOT' PRIZES

'BULLETS' 26th BIRTHDAY CAMPAIGN continues next week with another fine

PENSION OPPORTUNITY

Retain this Bonus Voucher for enclosure with your entry next week

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,141) Closing postmark SAT., Oct. 15.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,141) Closing postmark SAT., Oct. 15.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,141) Closing postmark SAT., Oct. 15.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,141) Closing postmark SAT., Oct. 15.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed .....

Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

Save Money on Entries

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single postal order sufficient to cover both entry fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage.

Make Postal Order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,141 and Crossword No. 127 JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner.

HOLD THIS VOUCHER

FOR ENCLOSURE WITH YOUR ENTRY FOR "BULLETS" No. 1,142 NEXT WEEK

I certify that I entered ..... "Bullets" for 26th Birthday Offer, Competition No. 1,141. Accordingly, I claim the Christmas Turkey Privilege announced in "John Bull" dated October 15.

SIGNED _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,141, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

DOUBLED UP IN THE STREET WITH PAINS IN THE STOMACH

Postman's Unhappy Plight

Suffered Since the Great War

It is distressing enough to be in pain for a few hours, let alone days or weeks, but when the trouble develops into YEARS of suffering, then it does indeed seem as if all hope of getting relief has gone.

Just imagine it! The man who writes the letter below, a postman of all people, with strenuous duties to perform every day, suffered for no less than 20 years from Stomach Trouble caused through the Great War.

Birmingham,
2nd August, 1938.

Dear Sirs,

During the war I served in Mesopotamia. Owing to the impure water I suffered with stomach trouble up to a short time ago.

After the cessation of hostilities I took up my work again as a postman. Many times whilst on my delivery I have been doubled up in the street with pains in the stomach.

I tried most of the "sure to cure" remedies, without any improvement. One day my wife saw in the newspaper a letter from a man who had suffered like myself. He spoke highly of Yeast-Vite. My wife advised me to give them a trial. I was not keen; I had tried so many. Anyway, she bought a bottle. The pain vanished as if by magic. Also the burning sensation that always followed a meal.

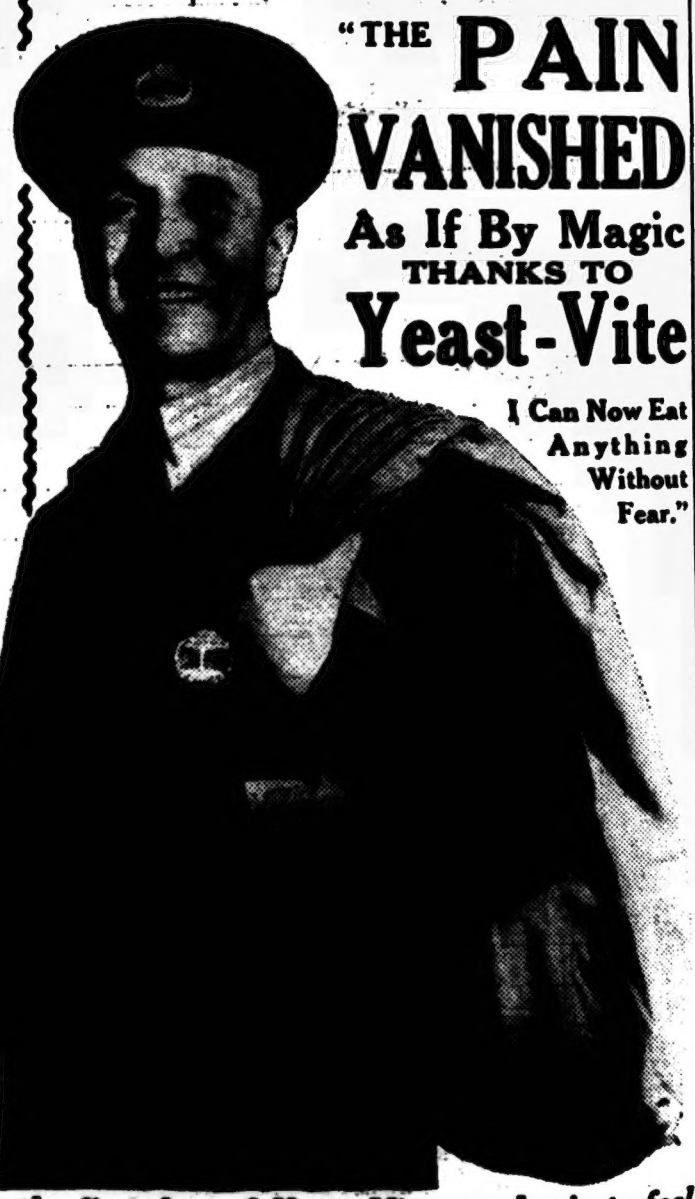
I can now eat anything without fear.

I am never without them.

Yours truly (Signed) T. W.

"*I have been doubled up in the street with pain,*" he says. Naturally he tried many things—"*without any improvement*"—to use his own words. Then at long last his wife saw an advertisement of Yeast-Vite and advised him to try them.

After all his disappointments he was naturally sceptical, but he DID try the tablets and, as in thousands and thousands of other cases, they did not fail him. They brought him the blessed relief for which he had waited for nearly a generation. Now he writes in gratitude to say :—



"THE PAIN VANISHED As If By Magic THANKS TO Yeast-Vite

I Can Now Eat Anything Without Fear."

Yeast-Vite Quickly Relieves

HEADACHES
LASSITUDE
DEPRESSION
CONSTIPATION
INDIGESTION
INSOMNIA
RHEUMATISM
"NERVES"

WOMEN NEED YEAST-VITE TOO!

There are many occasions when two Tablets would do you the world of good! When your head begins to thump . . when your nerves are feeling jangled . . when you suffer from indigestion . . when your energy begins to flag . . take two Yeast-Vite Tablets and feel fit and fresh in quick time! Yeast-Vite is the world's Wonder Tonic . . Start taking Yeast-Vite TO-DAY.

NO RELIEF —NO PAY!

Simply obtain a 1/3 bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of YEAST-VITE return the empty carton to Irvings' Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded at once and in full.

Yeast-Vite
Brand Tablets

Sold Everywhere 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

From the first dose of Yeast-Vite you begin to feel Refreshed, Renewed, Revitalised. Pain disappears. Weakness is changed to strength. Life becomes happy, joyous, worth living!

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